NOV. 1

VOGUE

60c



One woman's clothes money

Changes in the six o'clock life

Figure-trimming in six fast weeks

100 house presents made for success

"Best of the Best"— more quick tastes of the new books

ADVANCED EDITION

there's that
woman again
...this time
in a

Dalton

ensemble



STEPHANIE, the intarsia flowered pure cashmere cardigan with hand-fashioned and appliqued leaves... a color-matched shirt of pure silk and a harmonizing skirt of pleated doeskin flannel.

Also makers of JAMES KENROB Sportswear.

Write Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway, New York City... or Cleveland 3, Ohio



Simple as a Sweater $225

...and sophisticated as diamonds. This is the look that is *the* after-dark news now. Harvey Berin sees it as a bead-shimmered overblouse, and clouds-ful of chiffon skirt... in the starry radiance of white or the midnight brilliance of black. In silk chiffon with French satin crystal beads. Sizes 8 to 16. Misses Dresses, Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET





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DAYTIME JEWELRY

From our unusual collection

of hand-made eighteen karat gold jewelry.

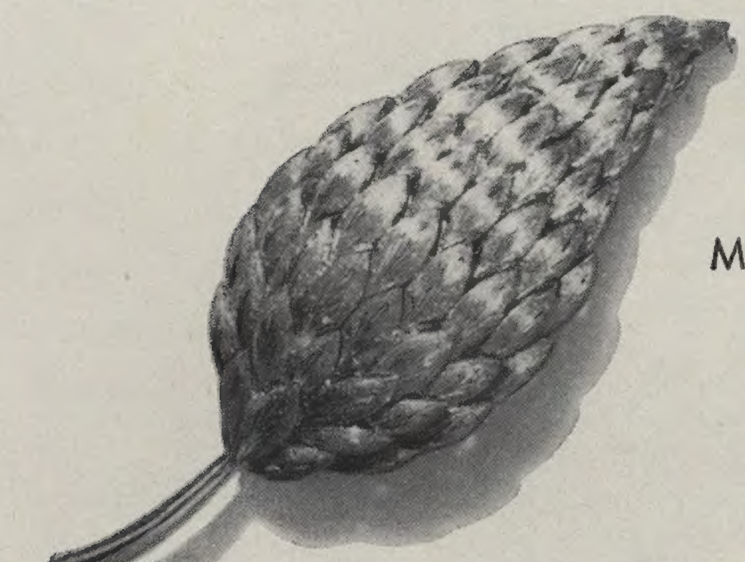
Pins shown from top: Camelia blossom, 350.

Cluster of grapes in cultured pearls with gold leaves, 325.

Magnolia pod, 250. Oak leaves with acorns, 225.

Wild wood rose, 195.

Prices include federal tax.





TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK



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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

NOVEMBER 1, 1960

COVER:

Late-day look as Paris sees it—
a bare, seductive dress worn under
cover of an explosive hat.
The dress, bright green silk matelassé
with a halter (used here in its
first sense of stopper) neckline,
a short belled skirt.
The hat, velvet in the same green,
circumscribed in mink.
Dress and hat, both by Ricci;
at I. Magnin. On the lips
(playing along with blued eyes):
Pom Pom, a soft-shaded liquid colour
by Richard Hudnut.



PENN

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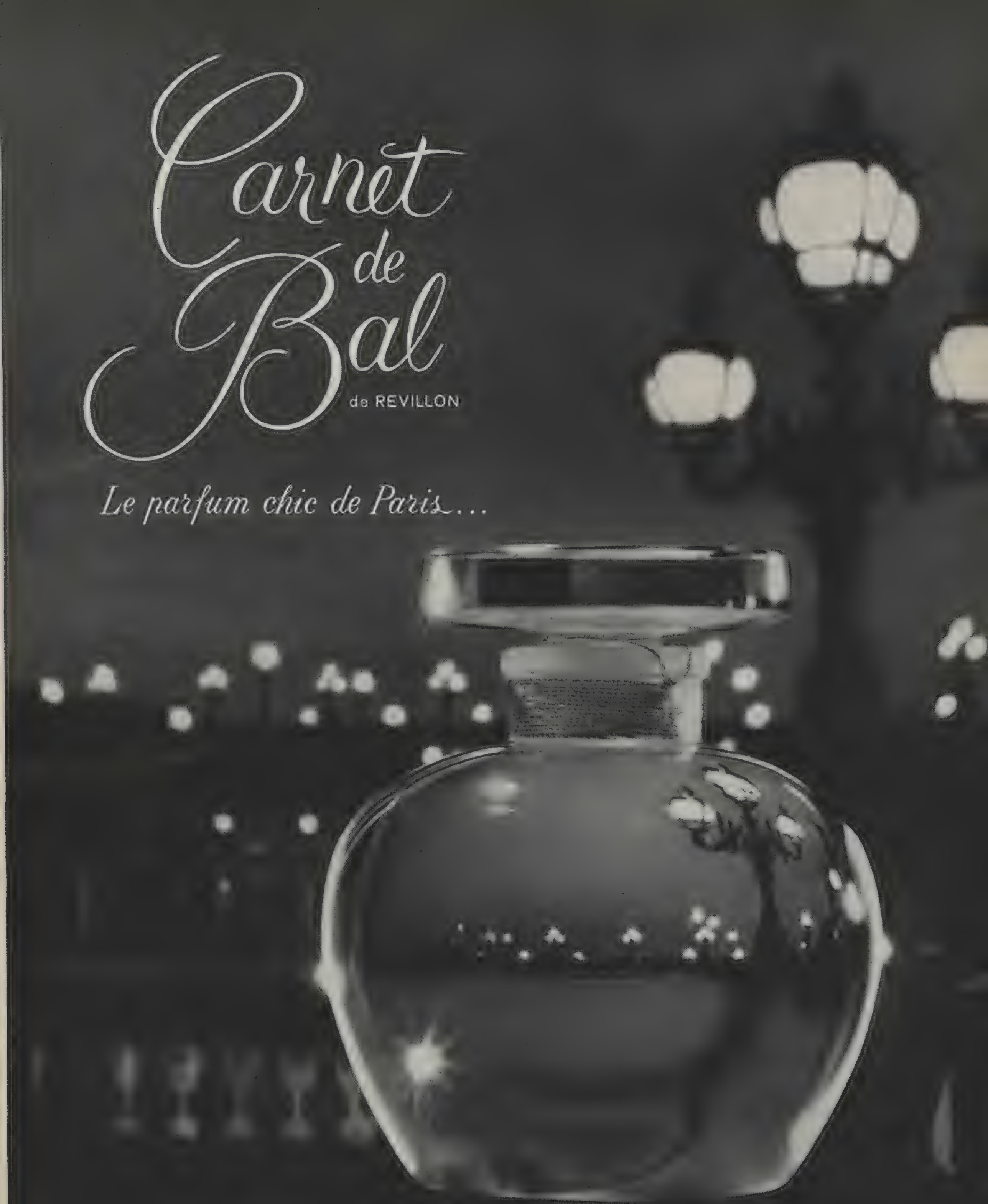
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"IF YOU MARRY AGAIN"

A story by JOAN AIKEN

"We *thought* you were somewhere down this way," said Gwen, "didn't we, Steffy? We were driving through Cerne Abbas and suddenly Steffy said, don't Bob and Julia live somewhere in these parts, and I said of *course* they do."

She stopped and looked at her audience triumphantly. Her face, a clown's face, was composed of crescents—eyebrows, cheekbones, comic, down-drawn mouth—a clown's face applied with cosmetics on the gay, haggard shell of a woman in her fifties whose heart was in her twenties.

"So I said, we can't leave this part of the country without looking them up, and here we are!"

"It's lovely that you did," said Julia quietly. "We were just feeling bored with ourselves."

"But aren't you *quiet* here. Aren't you *cut off*."

"Julia would like to live in the middle of the Sahara," Bob said. "Even this isn't quiet enough for her."

The venom in his voice halted the conversation for a moment and the two tourists glanced waveringly back to their car, drawn up by the cottage gate, as if, thirstily searching for a spring, they had found some stagnant puddle of acid in a disused mine shaft and were debating the possibility of retreat.

Then Steffy, her large square face twinkling with knowledge of her trump card, exclaimed: "And there's something else we remembered too . . ."

"Just think," Gwen was saying to Bob, "it must be all of five years."

"I'll just put the kettle on," Julia murmured, "and then we can have a cup of tea."

"Tea. Marvellous."

"It is, isn't it, Julia? I thought I hadn't got the date mixed."

"Is what?" Gwen turned from Bob. "Is what, Steffy?"

"Julia's birthday. Why aren't you having a party, you naughty girl?"

"Oh, I'm too old for parties." Julia's voice was carefully light.

"And who's she going to invite round here?" Bob asked sourly. "Sheep?"

"Anyway I've got a party now, thanks to you people turning up. I'll just go and find the children."

Julia went off running, before one of her guests could offer to accompany her.

"She's looking peaked," Gwen commented. "Working too hard, I suppose. I must say it's a lovely place you've got here. Shall we come and stay with them, Steffy? Land ourselves on them as paying guests? You could learn to milk the cows."

They screamed with laughter, demanded of Bob where they could powder their noses, and cannoned off upstairs to the tiny inadequate bathroom where the small windows took in brindled darkness from a great yew that leaned against the house.

"I couldn't bear to live here, could you?" hissed Gwen, scrubbing off lipstick with tissues, lavishly buttering more onto her scenic railway of a mouth, peering into the tiny, glimmering mirror.

Steffy shrugged.

"I should go mad. Just the place to have a nervous breakdown. They seem very strained, both of them."

"Can we have an egg with our tea?" they called, clattering down the bare black stairs like a pair of schoolgirls.

Julia rounded up the children, who were playing in the stream, and told them they could have a picnic outside if they would come and fetch it. Waiting for them as they straggled up the road behind her she thought that the house, sunk in its sheaf of trees against the hill, was like the toys that children abandon in the wild corners of the gardens. Months

(Continued on page 124)



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COSTUME BY GEORGE HALLEY

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for
the woman
who is
every inch
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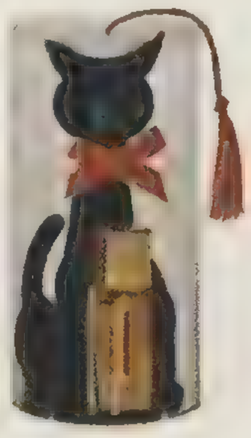
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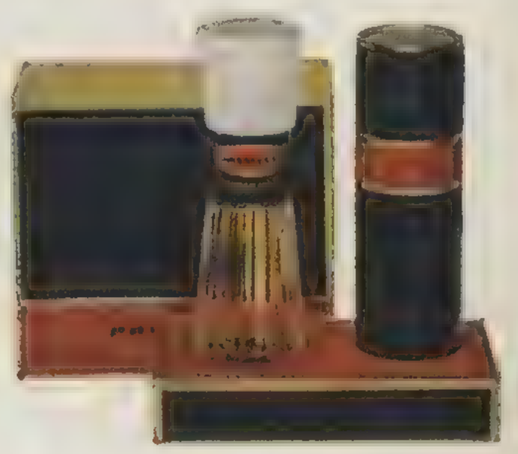
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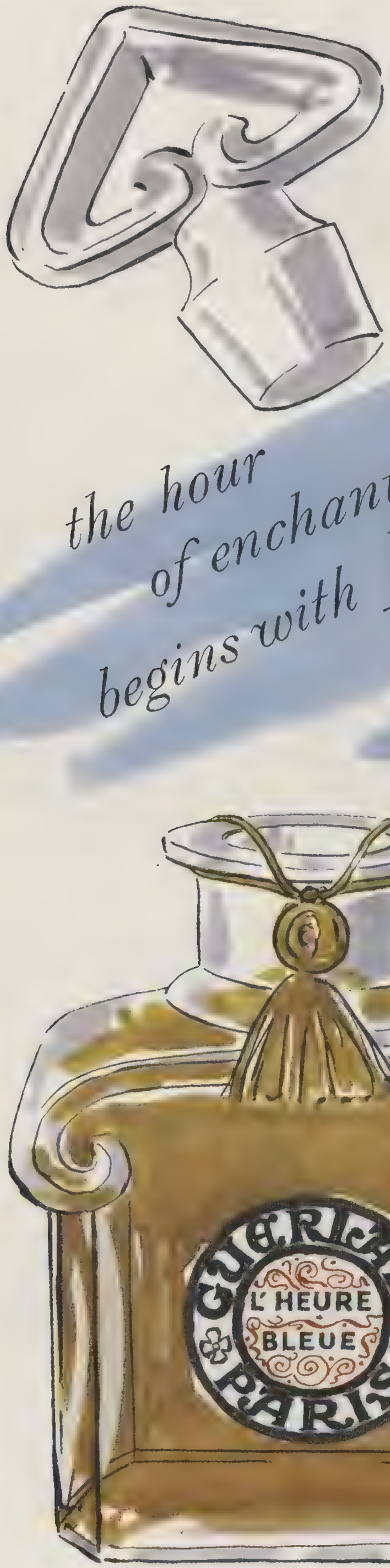
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Budding beauty now... blooming beauty soon!

From the moment the doctor says, "It's a girl," the men of this world are in trouble! For even when she's very small, she loves to look her prettiest. That's why Tussy created Budding Beauty Toiletries. Dainty pink soap . . . irresistible bubbles for her bath . . . clean-sweet cologne . . . all to help a little girl *enjoy* being a girl! That's also why Tussy asked Cinderella (who knows what little girls love to wear) to design these Budding Beauty fashions . . . a collection of sugar and spice dresses right out of her dreams to make her the belle of every holiday ball. (Sizes 3 to 6x, about $8.00; 7 to 12, about $9.00.) She'll be all grown up before you know it though, so look for Tussy Budding Beauty Sets and Cinderella Budding Beauty Fashions now . . . at stores that love little girls as much as you do.



Tussy Budding Beauty

A variety of little girl toiletries from $1.00



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Cinderella Budding Beauty Fashions

It's easy to see the belle she'll be...radiant in glowing cotton satin and lace. Dresden blue or Cameo gold in sizes 3 to 6x, about $8.00* and in 7 to 14, about $9.00*. At *Best & Co.,* New York and branches; *The J. L. Hudson Co.,* Detroit; *Strawbridge & Clothier,* Phila.; *Jordan Marsh,* Boston; *The May Co.,* Los Angeles; and other fine stores, or write Rosenau Brothers, Inc., Fox St. and Roberts Ave., Phila., 29, Pa.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF FRANCE

By MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Puttering unhurriedly between two rivers—the Loire and the Cher—in northwest central France, one can not only breathe in the aroma of history from the great muscular fortress-castles, but live well in manorial hotels.

Here is much of what is France. For if the Loire is the soul of that country, then the Cher is its heart. Just about one hundred miles south of Paris, beneath the crenelated walls of the Château of Amboise, there is, on the shore of the River Loire, a mansion-hotel, Le Choiseul, elegant, small, and comfortable. Here, some of the Louis XV furnishings are from Chanteloup, the castle of the Duc de Choiseul. In sympathy with the decorative style of this furniture, the bedrooms are equipped with brocaded beds, crystal chandeliers, and wall tapestries of cloud-squatting cherubs.

In the lasting twilight of summer, dining is on a leafy terrace by the river, and dinner could be *terrine de lapin* and *saumon grillé* with an iced bottle of sparkling Vouvray. A double room, without meals, is about $8 a day. *Note:* many of the famous castles of France are spoked around Amboise, including the Château du Clos Lucé where Francis I installed Leonardo da Vinci during the last years of his life.

Just east of the Loire, at this point, the banks of the silvery twist of the Cher are dotted with extraordinary châteaux. Wilder, more remote, and older, they are the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century forerunners of Chambord, Chenoncaux, and Chaumont. Seven of the fortress-castles of the Cher are open to the public—except, of course, during the French lunch hours. Culan, stony, blue-roofed, and turreted, belonged in 1420 to Louis de Culant, a Marshal and Admiral of France who served with Joan of Arc. Another, Meillant, still has much of its original furniture.

At Ainay-le-Vieil—where the owners live, but welcome visitors—a guided trip can be made along the passages of the perilous grey-slate roofs. Among the other places to see are the châteaux of Lignières, Châteauneuf, La Chatre, Saint-Amand, and the deserted, tranquil Abbaye de Noirlac which is being restored.

In this castled area, at St.-Satur, there is a little inn, Le Laurier, a shimmer of copper pots and polished wood, and a pungence of good food. The specialty is *pâté de foies de canard* served with a cooled bottle of young, white Sancerre—a wine with the same name as the town three miles away. Another wine to sample, Pouilly-Fumé. A dry white *cru*, one of its links with history is that it was greatly admired by both Marie Antoinette and Napoleon.

In the same district, and about thirty miles from Sancerre, is Bourges, once the capital of the Duchy of Berry. Here, the house of Jacques Coeur, the treasurer of Charles VII, still stands, its enchanting round chimneys emerging from the shining blue slate roof. Just across the street, there is the excellent three-star restaurant, Jacques Coeur, where the specialties are *rognons berrichonne, pouilet en barbouille*, and steak Jacques Coeur. The wines to drink here are Quincy and Reuilly, which are white, dry, and rarely exported as they come from small districts and have a low alcoholic content. *Note:* The first-class hotel in Bourges is Le Central et Angleterre, which has thirty-six rooms.

Casting a shadow of eternity over Bourges is the great Gothic thirteenth-century Cathedral of Saint-Étienne—called the little sister of Notre Dame. Two towers—the smaller known as the Deaf Tower, because it has no bells, the larger, as the Butter Tower, because it was partially financed by donations from milk and butter merchants—guard five superbly sculptured portals.

The six enormous bells in the Butter Tower each have a Christian name: Daniel-Mathilde, weight just over one-and-a-half tons, sounds the "re" note; Marie-Thérèse, weight two tons, sounds the note "do"; Gros-Guillaume, weight over six-and-a-half tons, sounds the note "si minor."

Near Bourges is the Abbey of Fontrevrault, now a government house of correction, where the mediaeval kitchens and the Abbey church may still be visited. Here, in an unmarred Romanesque nave of white stone is the necropolis of the Angevin sovereigns: Eleanor of Aquitaine; Henry II of England; their crusader son, Richard Coeur de Lion; and their daughter-in-law, the wife of England's King John, Isabelle of Angoulême. Their polychrome statues are mounted above the tombs, lying united, side by side.



Cinderella Budding Beauty Fashions

The Cinderella dresses on pages 46, 47 and 48 are available at the stores listed below, and other fine stores.

A. eyelet-trimmed dress in wash and wear cotton . . . beige or pewter green.
B. tucked-top dress in wash'n wear cotton . . . winter white or aqua.
C. frosty white nylon pinafore over a wash'n wear cotton dress in light green or ice blue
D. lace-trimmed organza dress of 100% Dacron® polyester . . . pale blue or petal pink.

All in sizes 3 to 6x, about $8*. Style A, B and D also available in 7 to 12, about $9*.

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imported elegance from Denmark, Finland,
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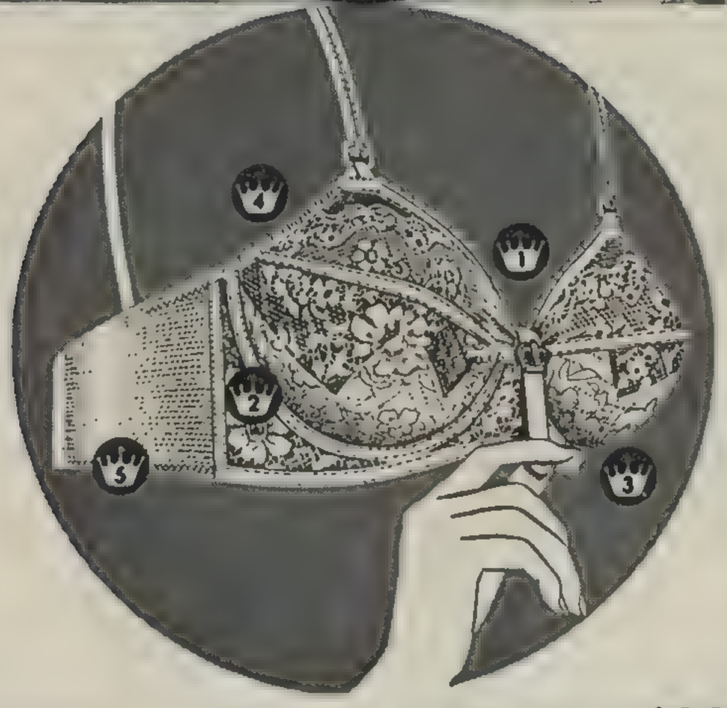
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* CELANESE T.M.

Prettiest way to dress up this festive season...in Martha Manning fashions touched with glitter and cut for figure flattery. Corval fiber enriches them with the luxury, look and texture of wool jersey. Beautiful wrinkle-resistant fabric is 50% Corval, Courtaulds' cross-linked rayon fiber, 50% Arnel* triacetate. Corval is a product of Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc. Dresses all lavished with crystal beading applique. Sand Beige, Almond Green, Delphinium Blue. Women's Half Sizes: 14½-24½. Proportioned Sizes: 12B to 18B. Left, easy-to-wear dress with lovely bodice detail. Right, easy-to-don button-downer. Each about $18. Center, jacket costume, about $25. At fine stores everywhere, or write Martha Manning, Dept. V-11, 1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.





Conceived for the *one* woman in *three* who wants a truly luxurious brassiere, marvelously designed, superbly constructed, custom-finished. Created by the world's foremost designers—tailored by expert needleworkers—perfection-inspected—this Crown Jewel collection is ready to be placed in its proper setting—*your boudoir.*

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1. Custom-fit assured with this magic tab that adjusts to fit just your contour.
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Elastic in this bra of acetate, rubber, Dacron polyester.

Available in magnificent white nylon lace (illus) **$5.95** In superbly-styled embroidered cotton **$3.95** (B, C *and* D cups in both styles) D cup in cotton slightly more.



Elegantly casual! Holiday Capris of black lace screening multicolor print. Sizes 6-16 and 5-15. About $14 at fine stores everywhere.

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New effervescent milk bath

A delight for the suds-loving: a new milk bath that froths up into a blanket of fragrant, airy, blow-away bubbles.
The skin-smoothing ingredients here are pure milk and rich emollients, and they're blended with Youth-Dew fragrance—Estée Lauder's fresh, distinctive scent. Before effervescence, the milk bath is a silky white powder; a liberal handful mixed with running water foams into a tide of tiny bubbles.
For greater depths of fragrance, combine with Youth-Dew soap and Youth-Dew dusting powder. All by Estée Lauder; the creamy milk bath, in a 6-oz. plastic bottle: $5 plus tax; at Saks Fifth Avenue.





You'll find this sleeping beauty and more enchanting Berkshire lingerie at Stern's, New York and these other distinguished stores:

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Meier & Frank Company

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Frederick & Nelson

Or for the store nearest you, write:

Berkshire Knitting Mills

600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

"Récamier" peignoir and gown, about $19.95. Gown alone, about $8.95.

Berkshire credo: A nightgown is something to sleep in

THE BERKSHIRE girl is a shameless romantic. She likes to sleep in an aura of poetry and flowers. More important, she likes to *sleep*. That's why she *loves* her Berkshire gown.

What could be more soporific! See the generous use of fabric. Amplitude of cut is a Berkshire trademark. Yards and yards go into each gown. Result: your Berkshire nightgown doesn't twist, doesn't bunch, no matter how you toss and turn. And you *sleep*.

This Berkshire nightgown is called the "Récamier" because of its classical look. The new nylon fabric, Satinette, has discreet opacity and a caressable satin finish.

Berkshire makes peignoirs, slips, petticoats, panties—and stockings, of course. At good department stores and specialty shops. Sleep serenely tonight—in your Berkshire gown.



CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO.- Chicago • G. FOX & CO.- Hartford • WOOLF BROS., INC.- Kansas City, Mo.
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Where have you been Dona Louise? To Girltown! Cause Girltown makes the best sportswear for little, middle-sized and quite grown-up girls. Dona Louise wears coordinates from the Flamenco collection for sizes 3 to 6x, 7 to 14, subteen's 8 to 14. Shown in sizes 7 to 14. Velveteen matador pants. About $9. Cotton sateen blouse. About $5. Flamenco red, toreador [illegible] black, gypsy violet. For nearest store, write: Girltown, Inc., 520 Eighth Ave., N. Y. 18.

CAPEZIO SHOES/PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

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Girltown!

Fredrica



AMERICAN BEAUTY ✳ EMBA® MINK

AUTUMN HAZE® natural brown mutation mink in our new . . . version of the "Trotteur"—the masterful craftsmanship is in Fredrica's famed father-to-son tradition. Please direct your inquiries to: FREDRICA, 345 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

®MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

Virginia Thoren

Jewels—Harry Winston



Helena Rubinstein announces make-up colors to harmonize with every shade of hair

Now, you need no longer diminish your own natural beauty by wearing *other* women's make-up shades!

You no longer need to *guess* what complexion shades you should wear to enhance your own natural hair color.

Now, from Helena Rubinstein comes make-up to harmonize with *your* hair. The first make-up shades that bring out the full radiance of *your* hair coloring.

Only Helena Rubinstein, who creates *both* make-up and hair colorings, could understand the supreme importance of having them perfectly coordinated to individual needs. To *your* needs.

Helena Rubinstein's new coordinated liquid make-up, powder and lipstick shades bring your complexion and your hair color together in *natural* harmony.

That means it's the most *natural* make-up you can wear. Her shades are keyed to dramatize the color of *your* hair. They blend with the color of *your* skin. They complement the color of *your* eyes. They are uniquely *yours!*



Blonde and fair? Your Silk-Tone Complexion shade: Peachbloom. Your lipstick: Chiffon Red.

Fragile redhead? Your Silk-Tone Complexion shade: Soft Beige. True-red lipstick: Velvet Flame.

Silver hair and rosy skin? Then choose Mauresque Silk-Tone. Your true-red lipstick: Chiffon Red.



Silk-Tone Liquid® Make-up, 1.75. Matching Silk-Tone Face Powder, 1.50. Heart-Shape Lipstick, 1.50. Refills, 1.00. All, in a range of shades for *every* skin and hair coloring, at leading department and drug stores. *Prices plus tax*

Helena Rubinstein®, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Helena Rubinstein

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BRUNETTE?

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stop

wearing

other women's

make-up

shades

BANISH THIGH BULGE! WITH THE NEW

Silf Skin®

JAMAICA LENGTH

PANTIE GIRDLE



AT HOME OUTFIT BY TINA LESER

...a lot smarter The flattering Jamaica length — a new concept in thigh control...gives you a sleek, unbroken line from waist to a whisper above the knee. Add a pre-shaped *natural control* back panel, a satin front panel and a seamless hip section and voilà...a flawless silhouette! Comfortable? *Supremely*...because your SILF SKIN is knit from one continuous strand of superior elastic yarn and exclusively designed to eliminate binding and irritation. *White only. #528 Jamaica length...$8.95 #258 Long torso, $10. Small, medium, large. Extra large slightly higher. At the finest girdle counters in the U.S.A. and Canada.*

Fibers: Rayon, Acetate, Nylon, Cotton, Rubber



SHANNON

Autumn in town: the tunic dress

For town—a brown silk alpaca dress with advantages on hand. Such as: the colour, beloved by all ages now; the slit neckline; tunic skirt that's becoming, and slimming, to almost any figure. Extra advantage—the fact that it's made in half sizes 12½ to 22½. Dress by Young Viewpoint; about $70 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's. Chéchia by Sally Victor. Photographed at the entrance of The Plaza.



Sterling is always sterling...but sterling by Towle is a treasure!

All sterling is solid silver...according to law. But *not* all sterling is of treasure quality. This is where Towle Sterling differs... becomes even *more* than silver. In every Towle pattern you'll find important differences in design and in the fine details of craftsmanship. You can see it in the meticulous finishing of each tiny surface and the way each piece is burnished until it has a lovely patina of its own. This is why your Towle Sterling, crafted by the proudest silversmiths in America, grows in beauty with each year of use. This is why Towle Sterling is a possession to treasure... always. Four-piece settings of Towle Sterling are priced from $24.50.* Debussy Compote, $50.00.* Sterling and enamelled bowls from $27.50.*

TOWLE
SILVERSMITHS

*ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

†DEBUSSY PATTERN © TOWLE MFG. 1959

maybe being an American Beauty



Dress designed for Bergdorf Goodman by Bernard Newman

is just a shade away...

only *John Robert Powers*

discovers three dozen

complexion shades—

one of them

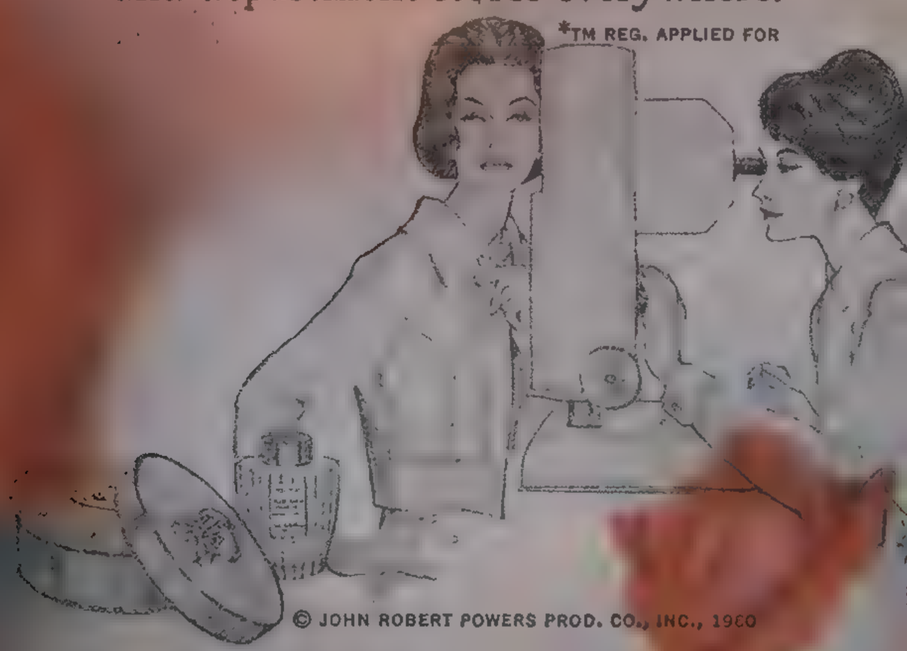
precisely yours!



How can four or five (or even a dozen) colors cover a whole world of complexions? They can't. John Robert Powers **alone** has done the infinite research needed to prove the scientific fact that thirty-six basic skin shades exist. **One of them is more becoming to you than any color you have ever worn before!** Not just blended at a counter, they are laboratory-blended foundations and powders custom-made for you. **The John Robert Powers BEAUTY LENS* tells you which.**

A beautiful, personal service only possible through the completely co-ordinated treatment and make-up cosmetics of JOHN ROBERT POWERS.

Available at fine specialty stores and department stores everywhere.



*TM REG. APPLIED FOR

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Behold...the most beautiful spray of all



another **Fabergé** masterpiece – incomparable **Esprit de Parfum**
encased in precious Cellini silver plate 5.50 plus tax
Aphrodisia Woodhue Tigress Flambeau *f#*



*exclusive of zipper and trim †Du Pont's Polyester Fiber

$2\frac{1}{2}$* light-fingered ounces steal away unwanted inches

Why do more than 2½ million women trust these 2½ airy ounces? Because only high-waist dacron† Promise blends such blissful lightness with such masterful all-embracing power. Remarkable contour-perfecting Biabands® whittle waist, hips, thighs by as much as two inches . . . while high-above-the-waist control continues to mid-thigh to mold a smoothly sculptured curve. Yet you're hardly aware of the girdle you wear! That's why more and more women rely on Promise to keep them in fabulous form. In average, full and straight hip developments, waist-sized from 26 to 36. 16.95. At all fine stores. Poirette Corsets, Inc., 136 Madison Avenue, NY.

PROMISE BY poirette

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CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT; CHICAGO
BULLOCKS; LOS ANGELES
THE DAYTON CO.; MINNEAPOLIS
BURDINES; MIAMI
MEIER & FRANK; PORTLAND

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY



100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.



©MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

Gown by Ceil Chapman

SHINING GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS ✳ EMBA® MINK

The fashion spotlight focuses on EMBA® MINK. Produced only in America and applauded as the world's finest fur, this JASMINE® brand, EMBA® natural white mutation mink takes the leading role of an international star.

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HAGGARTY'S STORES, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA • ISABELL GERHART FASHIONS, HOUSTON, TEXAS • BROCK'S, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

How can women of all ages keep that young-skin look?



Three ages of woman . . . living proof that time won't tell when it doesn't show.

Jewels by CARTIER

New cosmetic discovery helps you replace young-skin oils that nature robs you of as years go by!

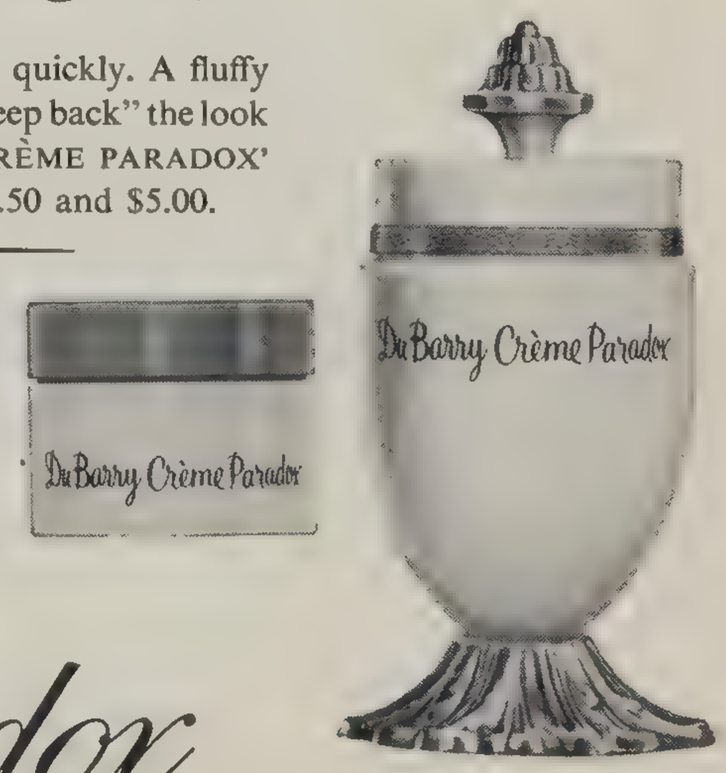
Yes, you can look younger! Science has discovered the first close match for the silkening, smoothing effects of your own natural young-skin oils! N.O.R.*, *Natural Oil Replacement*, introduced for the first time in 'CRÈME PARADOX'.

'CRÈME PARADOX' is power-packed with N.O.R.*, in unique combination with polyunsaturates, panthenol and placentine. Innocent of hormones, lanolin, sticky oils, it's greaseless . . . rapidly absorbed. Richest yet sheerest of nutrient creams, 'CRÈME PARADOX' is soft as a whisper, gentle as a lullaby. Works *deep down* to bring dewy freshness and soft, silken smoothness to dry, lined, flaky skin.

*Patent applied for

You will find so little does so much—so quickly. A fluffy fingertipful each night is all you need to "sleep back" the look of youth . . . tomorrow and tomorrow. 'CRÈME PARADOX' in luxurious French Empire jars . . . $12.50 and $5.00.

Introductory Special! To acquaint you with 'CRÈME PARADOX', Du Barry has created a special introductory jar. A $3.50 value, it is yours for just $2.50, for a limited time only. *This offer expires on December 31, 1960.* *Prices plus tax*



Crème Paradox

New Nutrient Beauty-Sleep Cream by DUBARRY

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your

loveliest

in

faerie

lingerie

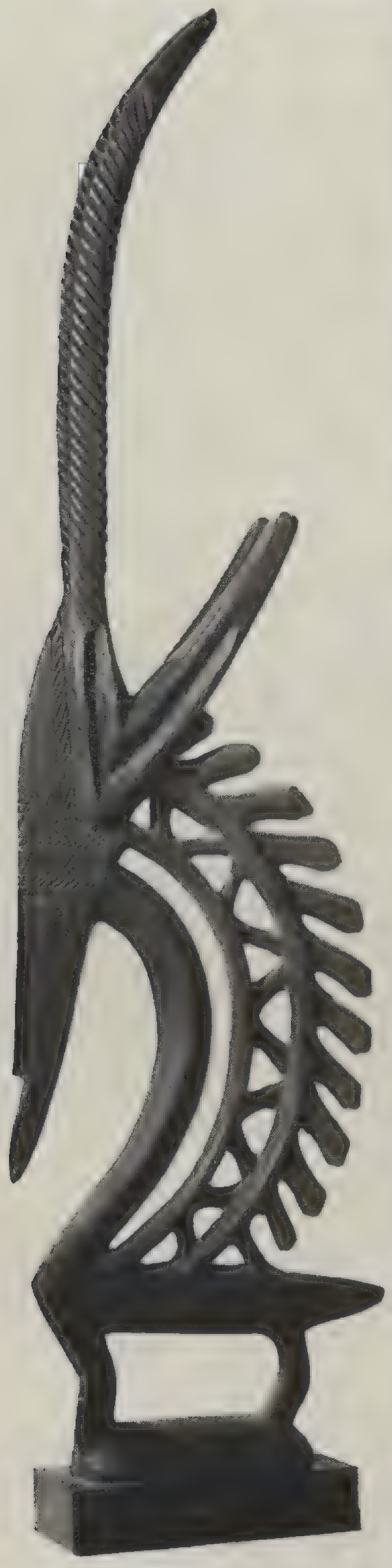
The very quintessence of boudoir luxury! Sweeping gown and peignoir with such knowing niceties as hand-clipped Alencon lace bodice outlined with fine satin cording. The most subtle coloring: achieved with a drift of sheer white nylon tricot over Capri Blue or Bridal Rose, black sheer over black.
Gown 8985/32-38/$16.95.
Peignoir 8585/S-M/$21.95.
At the nicest stores.

Fairy Mills, Inc.
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France's most brilliant discovery in the art of perfumery. Created, bottled and sealed in Paris.

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At fine stores everywhere *plus tax*

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

Country kudos for a pockety plaid coat



SHANNON

Little plaid box coat, seen in its natural habitat, deep country—though even city fringes wouldn't be off-limits. The downcast throatline has a wonderful way with this season's big turtle collars; the coat has a slight flare, a downright kind of deep patch pocketing; warm plaid interplay of black, gold, taupe. By P.R.L., of wool, Scott Foam backed for insulation; junior sizes, about $35. Cap of coffee-coloured knitted wool braid, by Madcaps. Both: Bonwit Teller; coat, also at Meier & Frank. Roger Van S handbag.

Here's where you can buy

Korell

5'5" or under fashions on the facing page.



Albany, N. Y., Muhlfelder's
Allentown, Pa., H. Leh & Co.
Amarillo, Texas, White & Kirk
Asbury Park, N. J., Steinbach Co.
Atlanta, Ga., Regenstein Peachtree
Canton, Ohio, Stern & Mann Co.
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Columbus, Ga., J. A. Kirven Co.
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Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
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Grand Rapids, Mich., Wurzberg's
Greensboro, N. C.,
Ellis, Stone of Greensboro, Inc.
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Norfolk, Va., Ames & Brownley, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., Kerr's, Inc.
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Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
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Roanoke, Va., Smartswear-Irving Saks, Inc.
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San Bernardino, Riverside, Redlands, Calif.,
Harris Co.
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Seattle, Wash., Bon Marché
Sheboygan-Green Bay, Wis., H. C. Prange Co.
South Bend, Ind., Geo. Wyman Co.
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Staunton, Va., New York Dress Company
Steubenville, Ohio, The Hub
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Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Sons
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Terre Haute, Ind., Alden's
Trenton, N. J., Nevius-Voorhees
Tulsa, Okla., Brown, Dunkin Co.
Tuscaloosa, Ala., Pizitz
Waukegan, Ill., The Hein's
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Winston-Salem, N. C., Cohen-Robins
Worcester, Mass., Richard Healy Co.
Yakima, Wash., Miller's

Brightening holidays with all the fresh colors of spring... designed for perfect plus-proportioned fit: narrower shoulders, higher waist, fuller bustline. Left: coat dress in paisley acetate. Blue, brown or purple. About $15. Center: Medallion print ensemble in purple, green or blue acetate. About $18. Right: Muted print with gentle yoking in pure Dacron® polyester. Blue with red or gold, brown with gold. About $18. All, 12 plus to 22 plus. Sized to fit you perfectly with no alterations. At fine stores listed, or write Korell Company, 1350 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

SAKS-34th, New York, Massapequa Park, and Stamford, Conn. ■ M. O'Neil Co., Akron, Ohio ■ Hochschild-Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md. ■ L. L. Berger, Inc., Buffalo, New York ■ The Union Co., Columbus, Ohio ■ Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind. ■ Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa. ■ Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. ■ Jelleff's, Washington, D. C. and branches. Also available at the fine stores listed on facing page.

Korell

If you are 5' 5" or under, only a Korell fits like a Korell



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES/CAPEZIO SHOES

Ouch...nicked!



Mmm...Schicked!



©1960, SCHICK INCORPORATED/ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Brilliant new Schick Crown Jewel lets you shave closer than you dare with a blade.

Exclusive 8-comb golden head gives you the closest, safest, yet simplest shave ever—blade or electric! Preset for legs and underarms—it's so simple you could shave in the dark.

So naturally the all-new Crown Jewel is already the world's largest-selling electric shaver for women!

Crown Jewel by Schick

SCHICK INCORPORATED—INVENTORS OF ELECTRIC SHAVING

Medallion designed by Van Cleef & Arpels

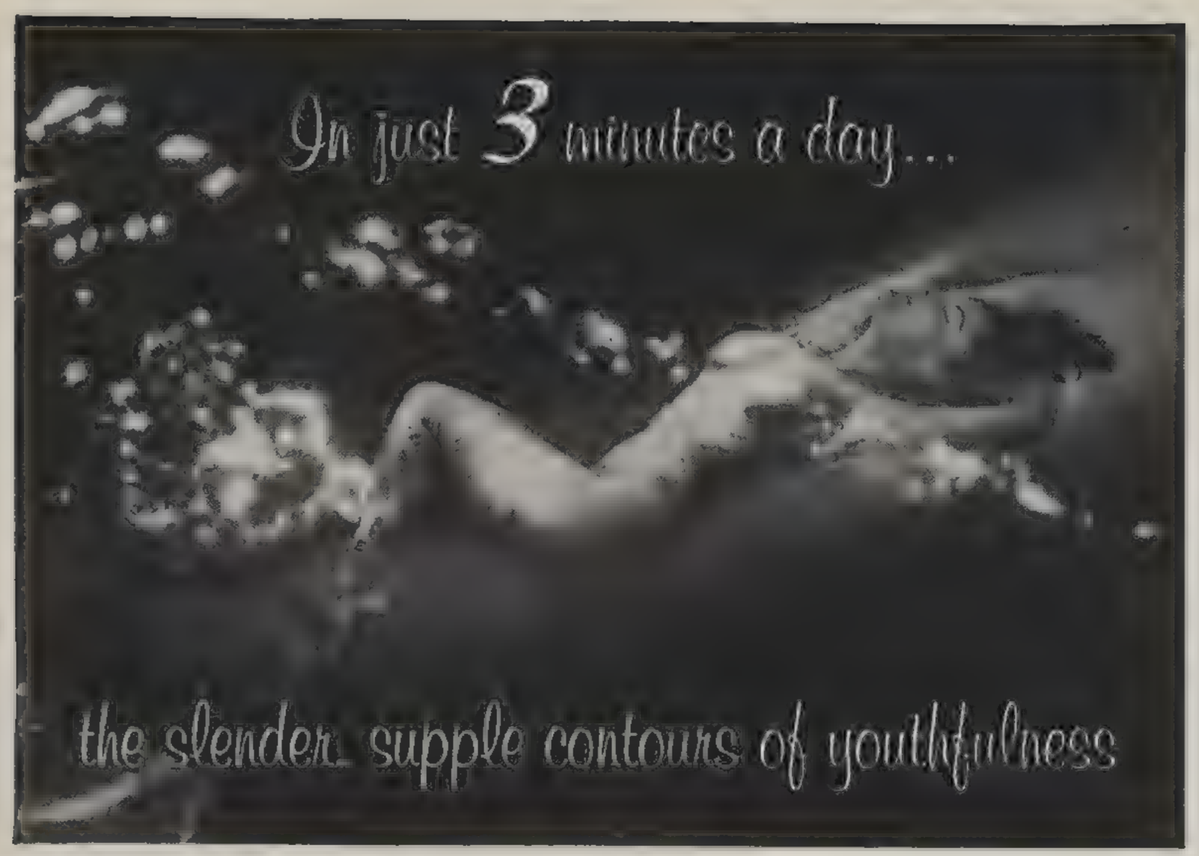
there's
more
to charm
than
meets
the eye

Chantilly

to the way
you
look



CHANTILLY PERFUME BOTTLED AND SEALED IN PARIS HOUBIGANT PARIS NEW YORK



What Will Picas Do for You? By devoting less time per day than it takes your morning coffee to perc, you can make inches vanish from hips, waist, seat, tummy and thighs... the trouble spots which make you look heavier and older than you really are. And, the regular use of Picas makes it possible to keep these results permanently, because firm, healthy muscle tissue resists fat formation. Because so little energy is required, you will feel no increase in appetite. Yet, you are firming and tightening sags and bulges.

Because Picas movements are varied and without tedious repetition, users enjoy it. Before you even start to tire, you're through for the day. You haven't had to change clothes or even leave the privacy of your own home.

By their very nature, Picas movements create graceful carriage and the slender, supple contours of femininity... the essence of youthfulness. Your tape measure and a new, wonderfully alive feeling will tell the story.

Is Exercise Really Necessary? Doctors and physical fitness authorities agree that unless our muscles receive regular exercise, they will deteriorate... prematurely revealing signs of the aging process... robbing us of youthful vitality and appeal. Fortunately, exercise need no longer be a boring, time-consuming chore.

Developed by two eminent British doctors, Picas now makes effective body conditioning fast, easy and pleasant.

What Is the Principle of Picas? Picas provides the same all-around conditioning benefits as swimming, by stretching and then relaxing the body's entire network of muscles simultaneously. You merely lean into prescribed positions using the Picas arms as supports. These arms move freely allowing your own body weight to do most of the work. Since all of the crucial spots receive conditioning at the same time, most people find only 3 minutes a day are required to trim unwanted inches.

Is Dieting Required? If, as is usually the case, you do not need to lose weight, but only inches, Picas is all you need. The occasional person who is truly overweight, will find using Picas in conjunction with dieting, prevents "after-diet sag" and makes the pounds come off in the desired places. In fact, it is common knowledge that weight-loss alone does not assure a trim figure. Picas is the best way to supply the missing ingredient.

Is Picas for the Whole Family? Since most sports are seasonal, athletes, male and female, amateur and professional have found Picas is the ideal way to stay in year 'round shape. As one leading heart specialist warned business executives recently, "You can't catch up on exercise missed all week by killing yourself with activity over the weekend!"

Is Picas Expensive? Although you couldn't get results as fast, or with as little effort in a whole roomful of costly gym and exercise equipment, Picas, including the unit and complete instructions, costs only $16.95. So phone your favorite department or sporting goods store, and try Picas in your home right away.



Bust and upper arms | Waistline | Tummy | Hips and thighs

Picas of America 413 E. 3rd St. Tucson, Arizona

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 182-183)



5111 9786 9810

Above left: One-piece dress that can be made as a blouse and skirt. Vogue Pattern 5111, sizes 10-16. Size 14, 4¼ yards of 48" fabric (3 layers of chiffon); skirt, 4 yards of 48" fabric. Price, 75c. *Centre:* Dinner skirt and stole with wide belt. Vogue Pattern 9786, waist size 24-30. Size 26, 6¾ yards of 49" fabric with nap. Price, 75c. *Above right:* Dinner blouse with jet embroidery. Vogue Pattern 9810, size 10-18. Size 14, 1⅜ yards of 40" fabric with nap. Price, 75c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



Beading by machine

More details about the blouse on page 182

Jet embroidery propelled by sewing machine—the one used, a Pfaff. Its zigzag stitching saves more than nine in beading time. Here's the brief how-to: feed the pre-strung sequins and beads alongside the zipper foot of the machine, making sure the stitch control is set from centre to right, wide enough to cross the beads and sequins; follow designs previously white-pencilled on the blouse. Tips from experience: knot the thread the beads are strung on an inch or so below the last bead to allow for spreading. Once the beads are sewn on, riffle them a bit by hand so that the threads slip unnoticeably between them. (The big jets here are sewn on by hand.) For more information see *The Complete How-To's of Beading* in the October-November Vogue Pattern Book.

STOP RIGHT NOW AND FORGET EVERYTHING YOU EVER KNEW ABOUT BECOMING A BLONDE!

Up to now you could only become a blonde by bleaching, and your choice of shades was limited. The color of hair you'd dreamed about didn't yet exist. Now Clairol announces the most exciting development in twenty-nine years of hair color research: a range of 22 subtle blonde shades that never existed before, in a fabulous new color cosmetic for the hair—Clairol Creme Toner.

Clairol Creme Toner is delicate, gentle, light, yet it does what's been impossible to do until today: no matter what color hair you have now, Clairol Creme Toner will change it into any of these 22 new blonde shades. Be sparkling Champagne Beige, innocent Ivory Chiffon, cool Moonbeam, or elegant Silver Platinum...take your pick of 22 shades you could never become before...each one as exquisitely real and natural looking as the color you were born with! Yet for all this dramatic new blonde color it gives you, Clairol Creme Toner babies your hair. First, of course, your hair needs a Lady Clairol lightener. Then see how the Creme Toner application leaves your hair; with a soft young feel, a brilliant lustre, a subtle new blondness. Your hairdresser loves Clairol Creme Toner...you'll love living your life as a blonde.

And now, turn the page, and pick the exact shade of blonde you want to be.....

UP TO NOW YOU COULD NEVER BE

CHAMPAGNE BEIGE

SILVER PLATINUM

IVORY CHIFFON*

SILVER BEIGE

PLATINUM BEIGE

WHITE BEIGE

ANY OF THESE DELICATE BLONDES!

But now you can pick any blonde right off this page and *be* it...no matter what color your hair is today.
Turn back one page and read the exciting facts about you, your hair and CLAIROL® CREME TONER.

*Trademark © 1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada.

EXTRA-LITE A · MOONBEAM BLONDE · ROSE BEIGE · EXTRA-LITE PLATINUM · BUTTERCUP BEIGE · 9A TOWHEAD*

DESERT FLOWER

Beauty Bath

transforms the
driest skin
to petal softness



At leading cosmetic counters

©1960, Shulton, Inc.

now beauty *truly* begins with your bath...

Toss just one capful of new Beauty Bath into your tub.
See dry skin bloom under water *to take on the texture of flowers.*
Chapped hands, chafed legs, embarrassing elbows are beauty-smooth
after a Beauty Bath...and there's a joyful bonus:
the pretty Desert Flower fragrance that lingers long after. *2.50 plus tax*

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER...12-BATH SIZE, 1.00 PLUS TAX

SHULTON

Desert Flower Beauty Bath—pure pleasure if your skin is perfect, a necessity if your skin is dry.



PASSION FLOWER by Barbizon

Dangerously beautiful . . . this willow wand of Satin de Lys® tenderly embraced
by fine French Alençon lace . . . the kind of night fare even a dream would covet.
No-iron silken splendor in vanilla, spice blue, and sparkling champagne . . . $15.00.
Just ask for "Clarice" from our new Satin de Lys® collection at finer stores.

Satin de Lys® is 60% Nylon, 25% Dacron-Polyester, 15% Silk.



PEDESTAL OF BEAUTY ✳ ARCTURUS EMBA* GLORY

Supremely elevated to the fashion pinnacle as the world's finest is EMBA mink, from America...majestically rising here in a greatcoat of ARCTURUS* brand, hope type, EMBA* natural lavender beige mutation mink.

*Trade-mark MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest Jewels—Harry Winston Virginia Thoren

Neustadter furs 333 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



Magnificent dress with open jacket created by Jane Irwill in a soft lustrous wool and mohair blend that absorbs and reflects color in a new, rich, nappy depth. An exciting costume to own, thanks to the very fluid natural wool blend...light as air...travels like a dream. Dress features neckline for A.M. to P.M. living...bateau front and surprise "V" back. About $40 at B. Altman, New York, and other fine stores.

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ADAM'S RIB
Perfume, 1/2 oz., $10
Perfumagic, $5.75

DARK BRILLIANCE
Perfume, 3/4 oz., $18.50
Toilet Water Mist, $3.25

SHANGHAI
Perfume, 1/2 oz., $10
Toilet Water Mist, $3

MIRACLE
Perfume, 1/2 oz., $10
Cologne Vaporisateur, $2.50

TWEED
Perfume, 1 oz., $14
Cologne Mist, $2
Bath Powder and
Cologne Gift Set, $4

PARIS, NEW YORK

MORE LENTHÉRIC THAN EVER!

Van Raalte

because
you love
nice things

LINGERIE • GLOVES • STOCKINGS



SLIP #7305 IN SHIMMERING SATIN SUAVETTE—OUR OWN WIDELY ACCLAIMED ALL-NYLON TRICOT.
IN FOAM WITH OUR OWN SURF SAND ALL-NYLON LACE. ALSO AVAILABLE IN BLACK OR WHITE WITH MATCHING LACE. $16.95.

Cat people wear Princeton's Simba



Don't be fooled by the spots before your eyes! It's Princeton's Simba, a fashionably ferocious blend of 75% DYNEL modacrylic, 25% Verel modacrylic—a real, genuine fake. Styled by **FAIRMOOR** for the fabulous cat people to wear with velvet claws. Hooded coat about $110. Jacket about $60. Both, alluringly framed with Princeton's 'Temptation.' Available at G. Fox & Co., Hartford / Bullock's, Los Angeles / Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. / B. Altman, New York / Filenes, Boston / Dayton's, Minneapolis and many other fine stores everywhere. **PRINCETON MILLS** 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, New York

Burlington QUALITY

A Division of Burlington Industries

PHOTO: LEN STECKLER

NEW – the light touch



SO SHE MAY HAVE LIGHT WHEREVER SHE GOES . . .

This petite purselight was made to live a lady's life – is indispensable as lipstick or compact. Beautifully fashioned to complement other feminine accessories . . . so sensibly sized it even fits in an evening bag. *The light touch* is never out of touch because it *clips* inside the handbag. This is the smart way to put every occasion in a new light!



Shown in hand: No. 805 STAR DUST – Florentine gold finish, accented with bejeweled circlet, $5.95* / At fine stores everywhere, in chic ready-to-give package. / Also available: STARRY NIGHT – 14 kt. gold, fabulously encrusted with diamonds . . $1795.00*

* PLUS FEDERAL TAX



Clips in bag, ready to use for: the theatre...



dark of night... when other light is dim.

BRIGHT STAR

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CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY



This is what Helene Curtis Professional Permanents will give your hair. A natural, flowing "Sea of Waves." It's the newest idea in permanents, at your beauty salon now. Ask for the permanent wave that guarantees a "Sea of Waves" to every head of hair–"Crown Jewel."

HELENE CURTIS

professional permanents

New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. $1.50 for ten full ounces.



Warner's latest...greatest MERRY WIDOW...that's what!

Revel in the lightest, the loveliest, the *first* Merry Widow *ever* fashioned of 'New Dimension' Lycra, the new elastic fiber Warner's and DuPont worked hand in hand to develop . . . lighter and longer lasting than elastic's ever been! And you can zip *this* Merry Widow . . . solo . . . right up its lacy front! With its new "bare look," low-back flattery, it shapes you in a way that's almost wicked, whittles your middle while it gives a lovely lift with softest of nylon lace cups.* But, remember, darling, if it isn't by Warner's,® it just *isn't* a Merry Widow!® At your nicest stores. #1308. White, Black, Red Pepper. $16.50.

*(ANTRON® NYLON FRONT, ELASTIC OF NYLON, LYCRA® SPANDEX, POLYESTER)

New and Young from Warner's



Basic necessity for Basic Black

Eisenberg Ice

Subtle splendor...ablaze
with dramatic brilliance against starkest black—and
gem-set like the world's finest jewels.
Pins $10 to $25, Earrings $15, Necklace $25, Bracelet $45.
Prices plus tax.

Eisenberg Jewelry, 22 West Madison Street, Chicago
14 East 38th Street, New York

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Now from France...

a mysterious life-force to renew skin youthfulness

Since the dawn of time flesh-and-blood creatures have owed their very existence to *plankton*, the tiny primal organisms in the living waters of the Earth . . . the source of all the warm and wonderful life on this planet.

Now from the thermal springs of France, itself the wellspring of all truly important beauty secrets for women, come Cosmétiques Biotherm . . . the fabulous cremes and lotions that capture for you the very essence of life-building *plankton*.

This exclusive, mysterious essence—called *crenum*®—contains essential elements of skin itself . . . possesses the power to nourish life itself . . . and, in Cosmétiques Biotherm, it magically caresses away the tell-tale years from aging skin.

In France, it is no wonder so many famous beauties of Europe depend upon Cosmétiques Biotherm for the complete toilette of the skin . . . for renewal, for preservation, for protection . . . for the restoration of the dewy youthfulness you thought lost forever.

So Active Is Crenum® *in Cosmétiques Biotherm that all cremes are especially sealed to preserve their vital potency.*

Crème Démaquillante • Crème Savon • Lotion Thermale • Crème Thermale de Nuit • Crème Thermale de Jour • Crème Hydratante • Crème pour les Mains • *Priced from $3.50 to $10.00* (Plus Fed. Tax)

Cosmétiques Biotherm®

made in France.

717 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Available at—
HENRI BENDEL, New York • JORDAN MARSH and JAYS, Boston • JOSEPH MAGNIN, San Francisco • HOCHSCHILD, KOHN and CO., Baltimore
NEIMAN-MARCUS, Houston • FROST BROS., San Antonio • G. FOX, Hartford • BON MARCHE, Seattle • Or write Cosmétiques Biotherm.



Bare Shoulders Wireless—world's newest, most exciting bra! No wires, no straps, can't slip. Supports securely for sports, day, dress-up 5.95. For store write Olga, V110, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal. pat. pen.

Shadowy black chiffon,

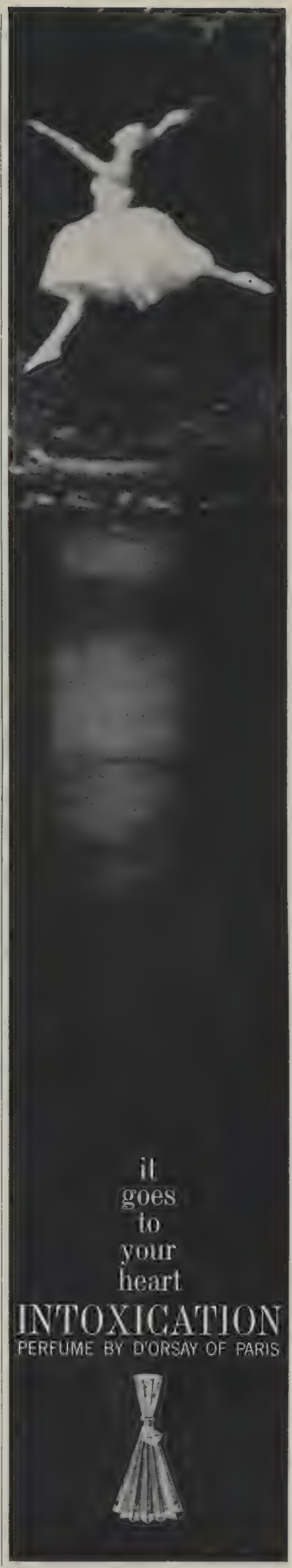
drifting into a deep lace hem—all this gossamer, played over black crêpe and amounting to the kind of evening deliciousness that has given the little-black-dress its enduring reputation. By Edward Abbott of silk chiffon; satin cummerbund. About $125, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.



The news behind the coiffure natural

More about the coiffure above and on page 149

Break-through in permanent waves—a break-through for the gentler, achieved by fresh research on waving lotions. Behind the research is Helene Curtis; its result is a wave called Crown Jewel that hits a new low in alkalinity, thus cuts way down on permanent wave "shock." Crown Jewel is so gentle it can be used successfully even on very fragile hair that couldn't be waved before. Bonus virtue: it's loaded with protein. In 3 formulas: No. 1, for normal, fine and hard-to-wave types; No. 2, for hair that has been tinted; No. 3, for fragile hair—hair that has been bleached, or tinted lighter than ash blond, and hair on which toners have been used. Available in salons only; details on the coiffure on page 149.



New Talon Zephyr . . . fabulous nylon closure with the feel and flex of fabric.

Fashion magic: Satin in gem tones glow through lace—free from the look and feel of hardware . . . thanks to the tiny new Talon Zephyr. A revolutionary new nylon coil design gives Zephyr the softness, the suppleness of fabric. And because Zephyr's color lives forever, it can't reveal that metal gleam along a seam. It's virtually snag-proof. Magically self-healing. (If fabric or thread should catch in coils, bend it in half to open and remove fabric. Then zip it down, zip it up and it "heals" itself!). Look for Zephyr in the season's most important designs. This ravishing one from **KAREN STARK'S** current collection for **HARVEY BERIN.**



Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa. • In Mexico, Talon de Mexico S.A. de C.V. • In Canada, Lightning Fastener Company, Limited.

Talon® Zephyr™ takes the hardware out of fashion



Created
for you
by Caruso

commissioned for you by Bonat

When famed hairstylist Enrico Caruso designs an exciting hairdo, the woman wearing it takes on an irresistible fascination. For the same reason Bonat provides your beautician with a new professional permanent wave that helps capture the beguiling styles that are individually *you.* Captivating Wave is its name. In it there are exclusive Living Conditioners that revitalize and recondition waves continuously for months and months. What body your beautiful hair style takes on! What long life! Next time ask your hairdresser for a Bonat Captivating Wave.

Bonat
PROFESSIONAL
PERMANENTS



HAIRSTYLISTS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND!

The knitted natural—
in vicuña brown



Knitted dresses—like candidates' faces or election posters—are turning up everywhere this season. Here, an easy little knitted wool in vicuña—brown with a good warm tawniness. The put-over top is barred the long way in black and white, plummets low over a narrow skirt lined in acetate taffeta. By Cortina, about $50. At Oppenheim Collins; Halle Bros.

EVELYN MARCIL

PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE of society news, she constantly makes news by DOING things . . . vital, imaginative things. Her interests are eclectic. Her cause may be an important charity . . . or entertaining on the international level. A busy social calendar keeps her constantly on the go. Her Beechcraft Bonanza gives her freedom to go. Now. Swiftly. In comfort and privacy. In a few hours she'll be enjoying sun and surf . . . a brief respite before plunging into the strenuous Holiday Season back home. If you value time and luxury, why not let the incomparable Beechcraft make so many more interesting things possible for you?

Accustomed to the finest . . . you'll find it in **BEECHCRAFT**

Costume by Maurice Rentner: Somali leopard jacket trimmed with fisher worn with black wool dress. Hat by Emme. Airplane by Beech Aircraft Corporation, Wichita. Custom interiors.



Gossard has a *Flair*® for fitting you

Why wear a carbon copy bra—why not wear the *original* bra designed to fit your individual figure differences and day-to-day figure changes? Self-adjusting elastic net* frames each cup . . . never lets Flair tug or bind. Gossard's Flair contours a natural, young silhouette in complete comfort. Guaranteed machine washable, of course. Look for *your* Flair in its attractive, new, easy-to-choose package.

Nylon lace Flair (#2715) in white, black, ivory rose, red $3.95
Pre-shaped cotton (#2707) $3.95 Circle-stitched cotton (#2115) $3.00

**Elastic net: nylon, cotton, rubber* THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO



Career Girl "gift-wraps" You for the Holiday Season

in luxurious GLENOTA . . . a "posh" blend of Eastman's Verel modacrylic and DuPont's Orlon acrylic fibers backed with modacrylic and cotton, or if you prefer, GLENSEA . . . DuPont's Orlon acrylic pile backed with modacrylic fiber. Both are lavishly trimmed with genuine MINK . . . both were designed by Career Girl, one of America's master furriers.

The White Glenota Coat with real mink collar . . . about $150

The Black Glensea Coat with real mink collar . . . about $150

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM Glenoit Mills

available at the finest shops, including **MACY'S,** New York . . . **MAY CO.,** Los Angeles . . . **KAUFMANN'S,** Pittsburgh . . . **FILENE'S,** Boston . . . **SATTLER'S,** Buffalo . . . **MAY CO.,** Cleveland. *or write Morris Schwartz & Sons • 241 West 37th St., New York 18*

HATS BY COMMODORE


ACT
ONE



come
to Jamaica—
it's no place
like home

Jamaica's the biggest off-Broadway hit yet! Your first act on arrival will be to decide on which of 1001 things to *see* and *do* on this vast and varied island *(4450 square miles* of exotic surprises). Miles of modern roads take you through primitive fern forests, past crumbling castles, ancient caves, wild waterfalls and lazy jungle rivers. You can climb blue-misted mountains (and pick strawberries at the peak); fish for marlin or mountain mullet; or just bask in the bliss of powder-white beaches and champagne sea. Come to Jamaica — the *islandier* island for people who have more fun than money.

Your fair lady will love it.—bring her!

Moss Hart and Kitty Carlisle Hart

Now *more* accommodations! Daily rates per person **with meals** from: $8 in guest houses; $14 in hotels; $20 in deluxe hotels. Completely serviced cottages, $175 per week for 6 persons without meals. More flights than ever before—many are jets! Tourist fare round trip from New York $204, from Miami $111.

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Kingston, Jamaica, W. I. SEE ANY TRAVEL AGENT. Jet service from major cities; 10 international airlines serve Jamaica.
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HATS BY SALLY VICTOR

AT LEADING SHOE AND DEPARTMENT STORES

GOLD SEAL RUBBER CO. *BOSTON - CHICAGO*



SHANNON

Autumn in town: the gentled sheath

The sheath—gently modified for figures that may not be lath-slim; buttoned down the front, with a scoop neckline softened by bows. Gentian-blue silk alpaca, particularly becoming under furs, a soft wool coat. Dress by I. Doctor; in sizes 14 to 44, and 12½ to 24½. About $70 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field. Turquoise velvet toque by Sally Victor. Photographed at The Plaza.

by Rogers

EVERY
MAN WANTS
HIS WOMAN
ON A PEDESTAL

Rogers places you there in a femme fatale sheath slip that flows in one long willowy line.

Lush, lace orchids flower at bodice and hemline. Nylon tricot. #4037 in Very cherry, aqua frost, sparkling champagne, moonstone or white.

Sizes 32 to 38. $8.95. The best stores carry Rogers. Rogers Lingerie, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

Burlington House draperies with Estron are for people with millionaire tastes and down-to-earth budgets! Starting at a modest $12.95 a pair, these ready-made draperies look for all the world as if they were custom-made. Estron acetate gives them a richness and drapability that belie their tiny price tag. Helps them hold their size and shape…and clean happily.



Galaxy Collection by Burlington House comes in a choice of decorator fabrics and colors to suit every room scheme. Rich, nubby textures. High-low florals. In sizes to fit practically any window. Starting at $12.95 a pair for the 90″ single width. **In cotton or rayon with Estron acetate.** At fine stores everywhere. Estron is the trademark for Eastman acetate. Only fiber is made by Eastman, not fabric or draperies.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



NEW YORK

Reynard

MONTREAL

Lightly, lightly, you float into the holidays' champagne events in your waist-hugging jacket

. . . purposely shaped to heighten the unabashed flattery of this cloud-blue dream-fur.

At fine stores everywhere, or write to Reynard, 330 7th Avenue, New York 1. In Canada, Hollinger Furs, Ltd., 395 Mayer St., Montreal.

Saga® NORWEGIAN BLUE FOX

"Smartest Fox of All"

Send for Gift Brochure.

Fashion's Newest Italian Imports Sculptured in 18K Gold

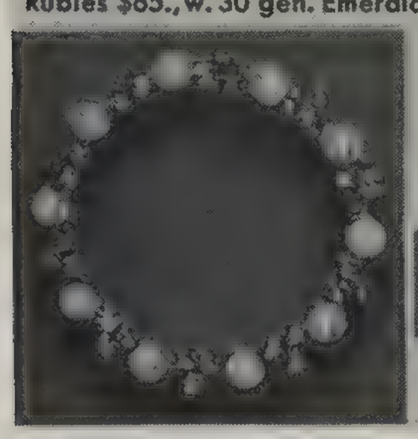


"Autumn Leaves" 18K Gold Brooch, 6 genuine Rubies $35.

18K Gold Brooch, Cult. Pearls w. 30 gen. Sapphires or Rubies $65., w. 30 gen. Emeralds $78.

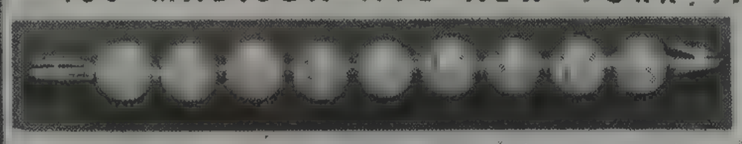


18K Gold Brooch, 6 genuine Rubies "Floral Twins" $42.



LEWKOWITZ

430 MADISON AVE-NEW YORK, 17



18K Cult. Pearl Safety Pin $11.95.

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ENCORE . . . our new longer Rhinestone tasselled **TIE BELTS** to wrap round & round your waist. Twist two or three together for an unusual color effect. Shown here: Midnight Black and Ruby Red SATIN and a lovely, fictitious **LEOPARD.** Tie Belts, 72" L-O-N-G, **$2.95** each; **$5.50** for any two; **$7.95** for any three.

ELIZABETH McCAFFREY

Dept. V11 **Northport, New York**



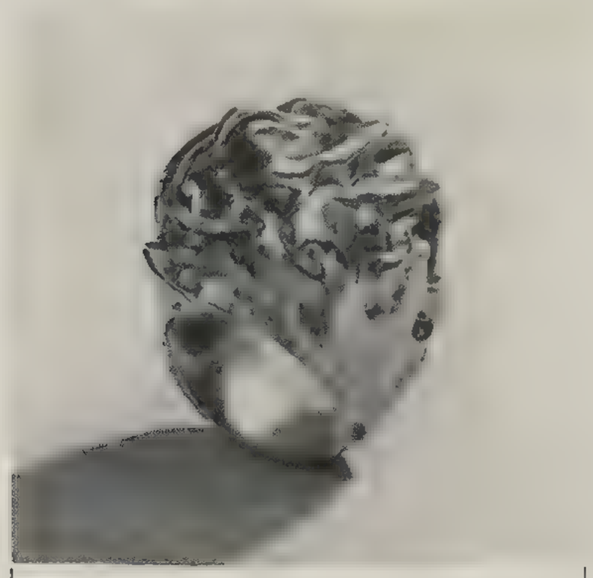
For a friend who usually breakfasts in bed—a 3-piece, pile-up Pewter coffee-pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl. Made in Holland. Attractively gift wrapped and shipped. $25*

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jewelers by birth . . . since 1883

1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, and an affiliation in Colchester, England

*Add 4% tax for Pennsylvania delivery.



FOLDED GOLD

A unique approach to the bold costume ring. 14K gold, custom designed to give the lavish look of folded lamé.

$125.00 *including tax & postage*· a smaller version available $90.00

EVE *jewels*

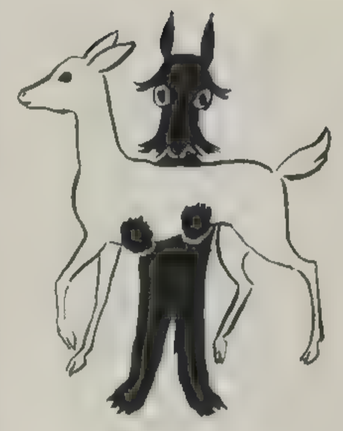
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Dramatic sheath of imported pure silk Italian Tivoli, fully silk lined. Custom made in sizes 8 to 16. Black/white, Black/coffee, Bronze/eggshell, Olive/ivory, Grey/white, Sky blue/Sea green, Cerise/pink, or any other combination. $110. postage paid.

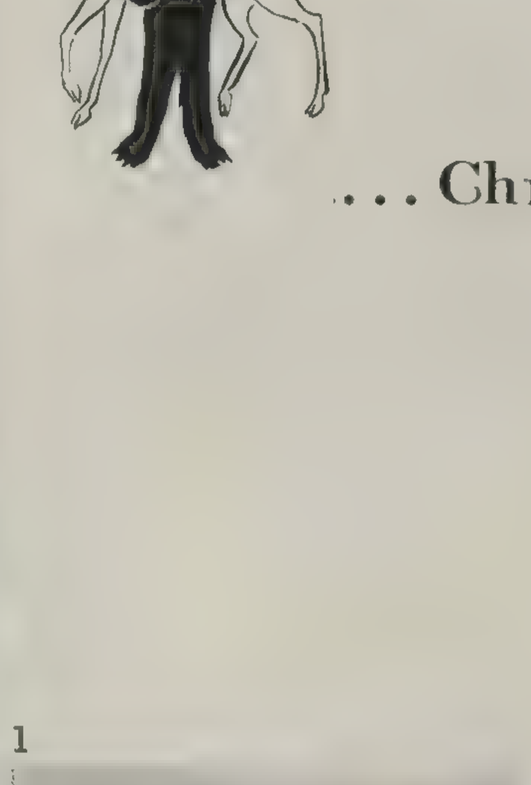
Mlle. Marie

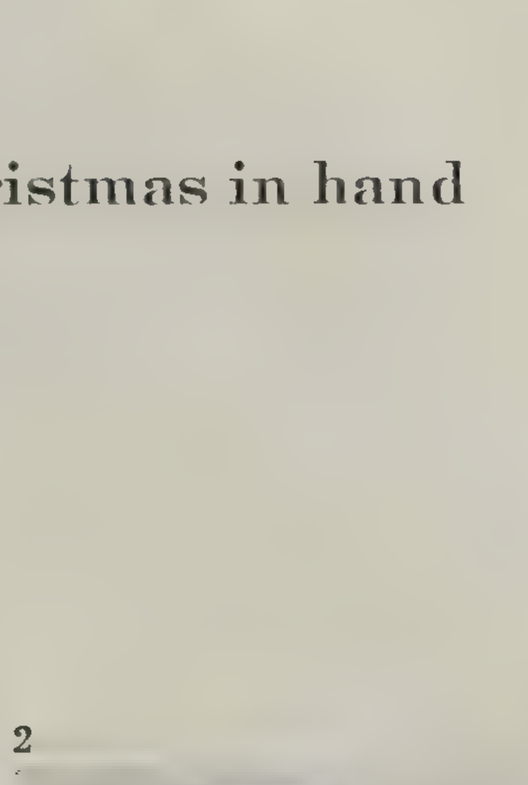
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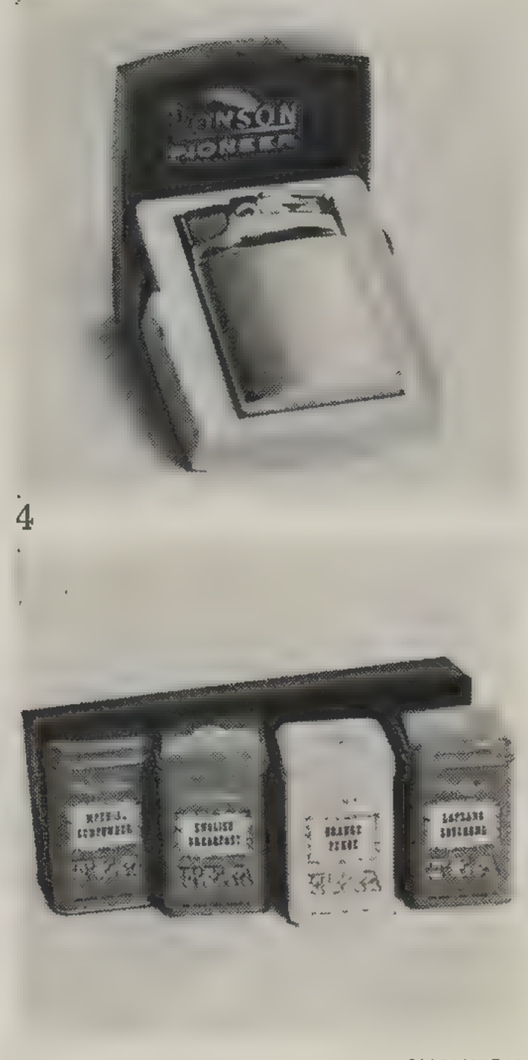
SHOP

. . . Christmas in hand









SHANNON

1. For the care and handling of cashmere, a special brush; it's made of soft hair, and its use should prevent cashmere from matting—without leaving it threadbare. Black plastic handle. By Kent of London, $6. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., New York 18.

2. Present for a smoker, this handsome featherweight lighter with gold-coloured finish. By Ronson, $4.95. Macy's, Herald Square, New York 1.

3. For men, one or more of these long-sleeved pull-overs of Viyella knit: navy blue, grey, beige, red, blue, or black; small, medium, large, and extra-large sizes. By Hathaway, $13.95. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., New York 18.

4. Gift for the tea-fancier: handsome canisters of teas such as Keemun, Jasmine, Orange Pekoe, and Lapsang Souchong, all in 4-oz. sizes. By John Wagner & Sons; $4.85 set. John Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOUND



5

6

EVELYN MARCIL

7

8





5. With a kangaroo pocket, front and centre: put-over of lilac wool flannel, to wear with pants or slim skirts. Small, medium, large sizes. $12.35 ppd. E. Lorence, 667 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 22.
6. Nut bowl of walnut wood with walnut-handled crackers (the business end is gold-plated). The crackers can be stashed in an inside pocket; the bowl might also be used to hold fruit or cookies. 5″ high, 6″ in diameter. $9 ppd. Henrietta Tischler, 837 Madison Ave.. N. Y. 21.
7. Alabaster eggs to pile in a dish in the living room or to set out on a sideboard. Of white Italian alabaster; set of 3, $5 ppd. Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St., N. Y. 22.
8. Brown crocodile belt, its inside and outside sides all-of-a-piece; gold-filled buckle. Also black crocodile with sterling silver buckle. Sizes 32 to 46. $45 tax inc., ppd. Countess Mara, 110 E. 57th St., New York 22.

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No....but she's just had our new Caryl Richards HAPPY HAIR salon permanent. What an exciting difference....you *see* it, *feel* it. "Tired" hair comes radiantly alive with new softness, body, condition. Makes your hair a joy for us to style ....*keeps* it so manageable, the waves seem to fall naturally into place. Our HAPPY HAIR Permanent even protects bleached, tinted or dry hair....simply marvelous! And we have Happy Hair Spray Hairdressing for at-home hair care.

....*everyone knows a Caryl Richards permanent is better for your hair.*

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WIDE WIDE WORLD of extra-extra size bedding



Nowhere else in the world will you find so complete a collection of sheets, blankets, blanket covers, comforters and spreads for extra-extra size beds. If you love to luxuriate while you slumber, this collection is for YOU! Write for Catalog V-15.

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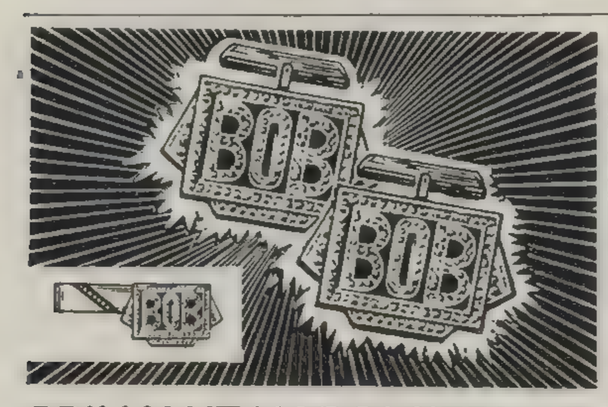
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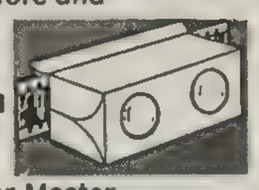
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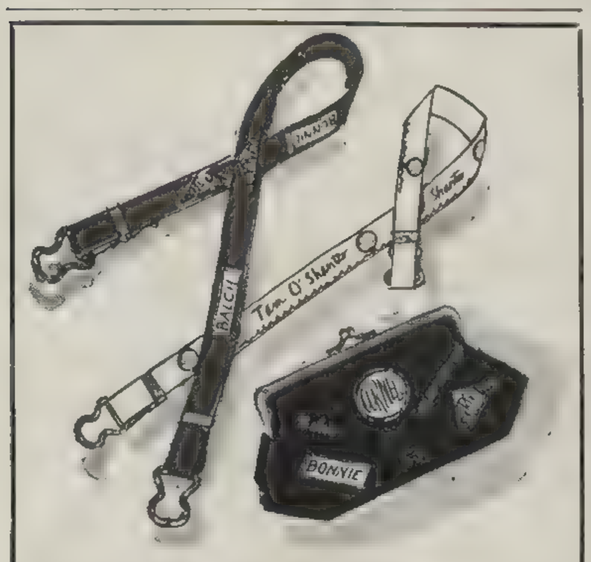
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The Christmas gift duo that will personalize her waistline and her life line (the cosmetic purse) with her favorite sport and the club to which she belongs; or her name, college, dormitory, graduation year and home town, or any other facts you can dream up. Belts in stretch fabric—black, white, red, navy, camel (give waist measurement) $5.95 ppd. Matching bag $5.95 ppd.

Pink Boutique
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Borrowed from the Maharani, a fitted tunic, in sculptured velveteen ... worn with matching, plain velveteen pants: aquamarine, red, camel, black (washable)
10-16
19.95 ppd
sandals, 9.95

Toni Hall

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SHOP

...ties up some present ideas

1



2



3



4



SHANNON

1. Man's handkerchief of white Irish linen, 20″ square; the monogram is hand-sewn, the hem hand-rolled. Full name or 3-letter monogram, done in white or colours. $3.50 each; box of 3 for $10 (tax inc., ppd). Allow two weeks for delivery. Villari Handkerchiefs, Dept. E 11, 29 W. 38th St., N. Y. 18.

2. Cheese revival: a wonderful, old-fashioned, whole milk American cheese, made by a now-rare method. Medium sharp or mild: 5-lb. size, $6 east of the Mississippi; $6.50 west of it (both ppd.). Plymouth Cheese Corp., Box 15, Plymouth, Vt.

3. New salad greenery, a leaf-like salad bowl of green Portuguese ceramic. Also in pink; 11″ diameter. $8.50. Bonwit Teller, 721 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.

4. Prints from the Metropolitan Museum, adapted as Christmas cards: this year there are 46 new designs, 7 re-issues. Prices from 5c to 95c each card. For catalogue (25c): The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Box 255, Gracie Station, N. Y. 28.

HOUND

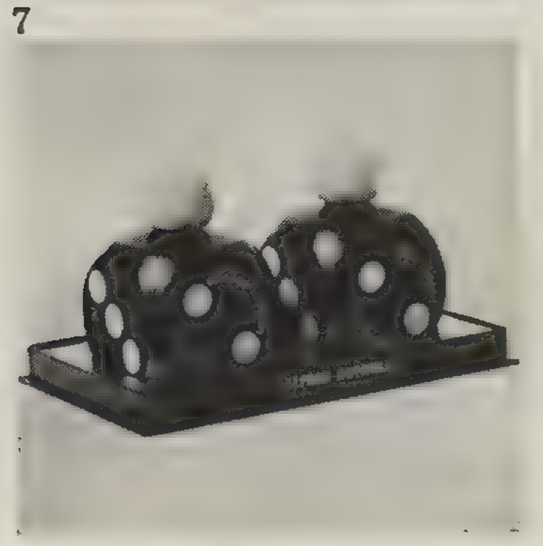


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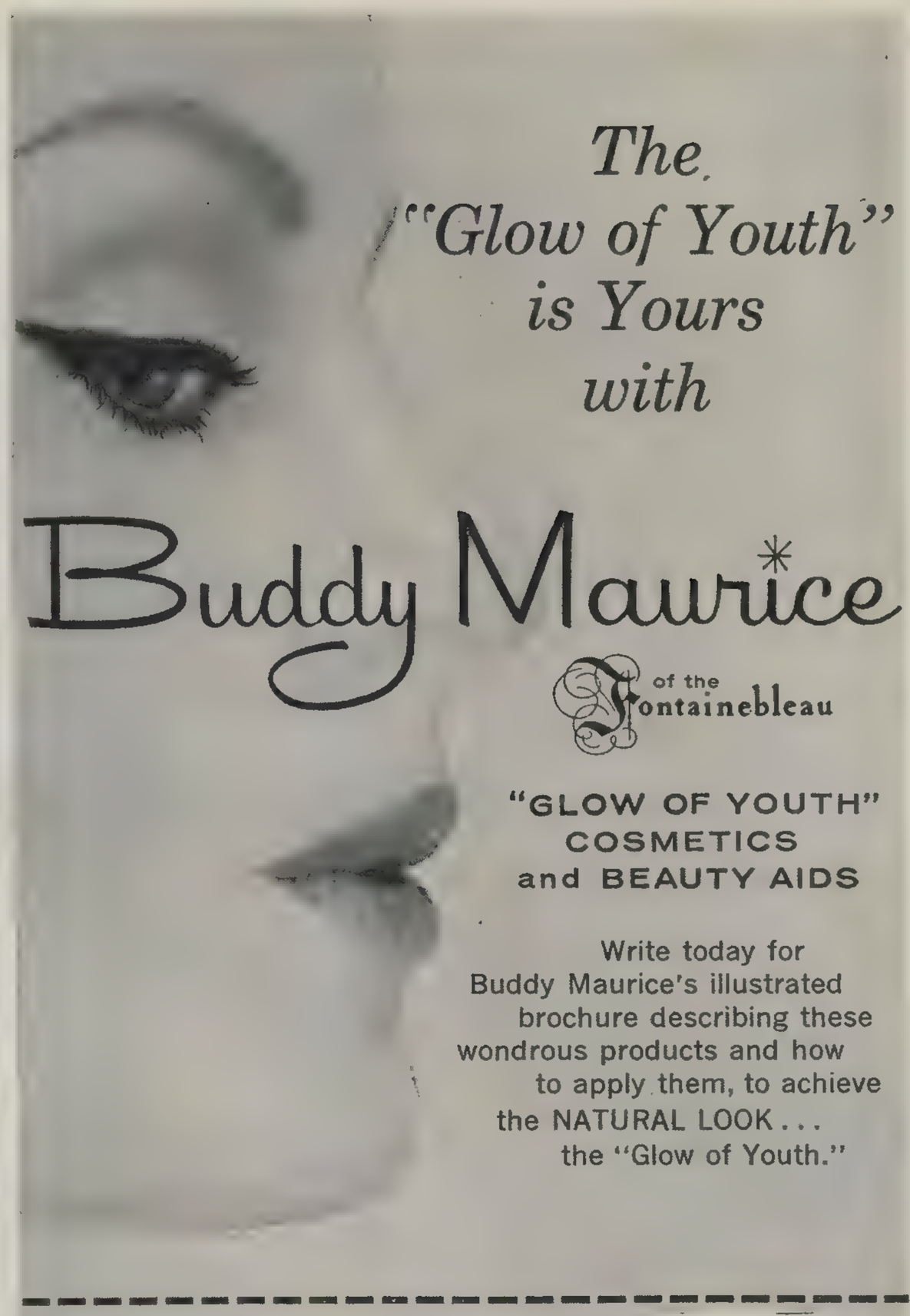
5. Hand mirror on a small scale—only 4½" long, a good size for travel. The reverse side magnifies. Gold-plated frame, felt slip case. $2.98 ppd. Hobi, Dept. V 11, Flushing 52, N. Y.

6. Bedside manner derived from the Orient: bed jacket of heavy silk with kimono sleeves, mandarin collar. Pink, yellow, or turquoise; stitched design. By Dynasty, $29.95. Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18.

7. Loaded dice: black glass bottles with white dice-dots, filled with after-shave lotion and a brisk men's cologne; 4-oz. sizes. Set, $5.50 ppd. Alfred Dunhill of London, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20.

8. Brilliant, crusty, topaz-coloured beads—actually hollow spheres made of rhinestones—combined with beige and brown fake pearls and crystal-coloured beads in a 3-strand necklace. $22 plus tax. By Robert Fleischer, at Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

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V-11

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Black dyed Otter . . . fur origin Brazil.

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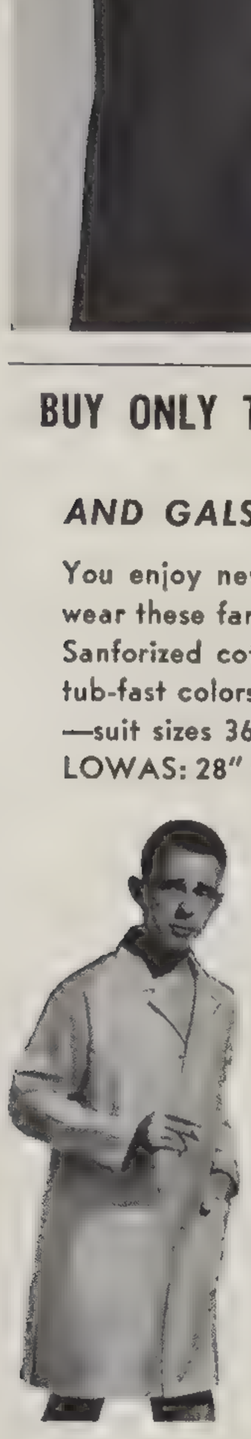
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AND GALS LOVE 'EM TOO!

You enjoy new, luxurious sleeping comfort when you wear these famous Pajama Separates. Full cut of finest Sanforized cotton broadcloth; double stitched seams; tub-fast colors. NO SIZE PROBLEM! UPPAS: for Men —suit sizes 36 to 50; for Gals—blouse sizes 12 to 20. LOWAS: 28" to 50" waist.

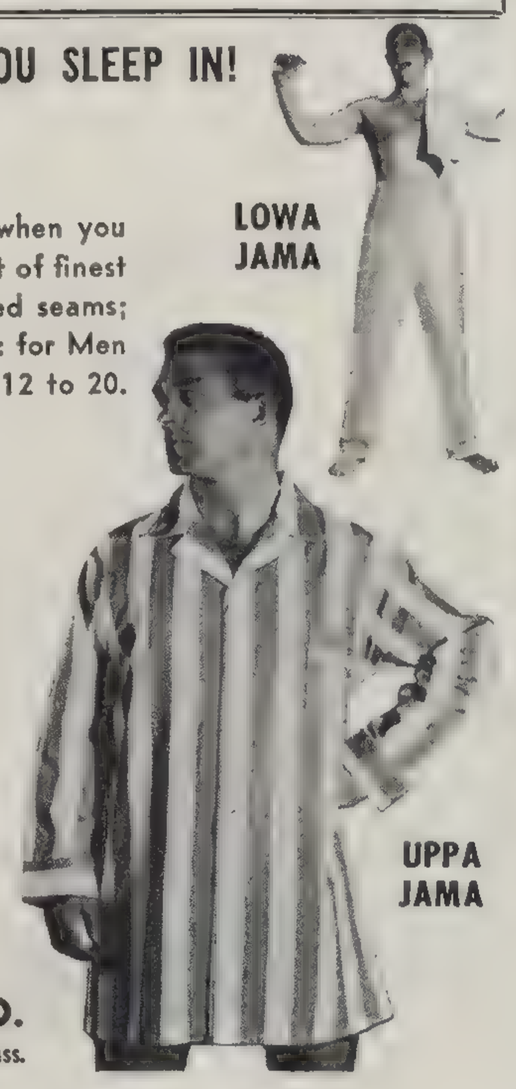


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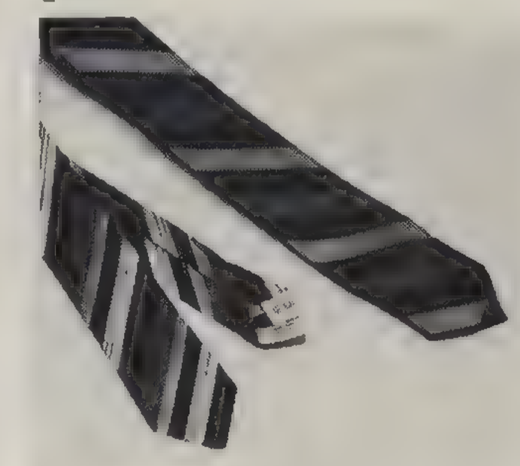




SHOP

. . . wrap-up on presents

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SHANNON

1. Ties with hidden talents: Scotchgard processed, they're oil and water repellent. By Wembley, $2.50 each. The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

2. Quartet for a cook or for cocktails: orange slices mellowed in orange syrup, flavoured with bourbon; lemon slices and lime slices in their respective syrups; mint syrup (take-off point for juleps). Gift packaged, $4.95 ppd. Kettle Cove Industries, Manchester, Mass.

3. One for good measure: 2-oz. cocktail jigger, plated in 24-k. gold; graceful Scotch thistle design. It might also be used to hold cigarettes. $15.40 ppd. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

4. The No. 4 wood has 4 stripes: each of these knitted wool golf mitts spells out the number of its club by the sum of its stripes. Royal with white, black with orange, red with white, or black with red. Set of 4, $4.50. The Lighthouse Craftshop, 11 East 59th St., New York 22.

HOUND



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EVELYN MARCIL

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5. Japanese teacups, like slender bamboo stalks—might be used for coffee, too. In pottery: blue, brown, green, red, beige, or yellow; 3½″ high. Set of 6 in assorted colours, $8.50; set of 6, all in one colour, $9.50. Takashimaya, 562 Fifth Ave., New York 36.

6. Three-striper: a bright little wool knitted chemisette, to wear with at-home pants or a skirt. Beige with charcoal and orange, or periwinkle with olive and turquoise. Small, medium, large sizes. $8.95. Tomas, 609 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

7. Loose-jointed patchwork clown, made of little wheels of polished, printed cotton, strung on cords; trimmed with tiny bells. Handmade, 14″ long. $6.50. Bert Lehrer, 231 E. 76th St., N. Y. 21.

8. Topgrain cowhide, suède-lined: a handsome case fitted with manicure implements. Red, blue, pink, or yellow. By Wiss, $18.75 tax inc., ppd. J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan.

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$1. *plus .20 hdlg. & del.*

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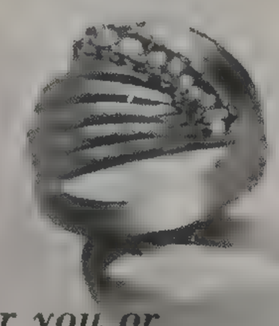


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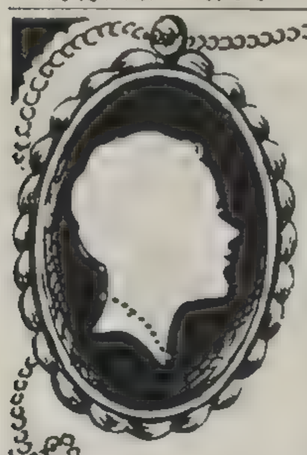
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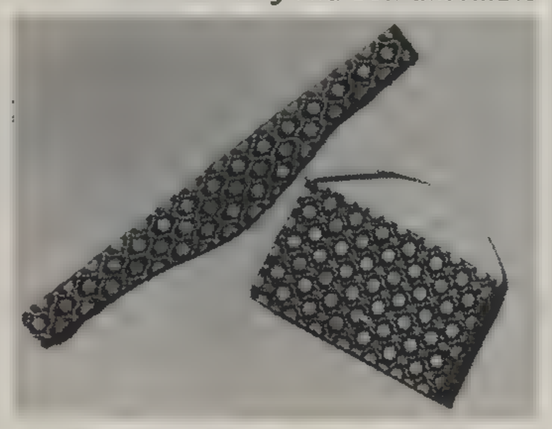
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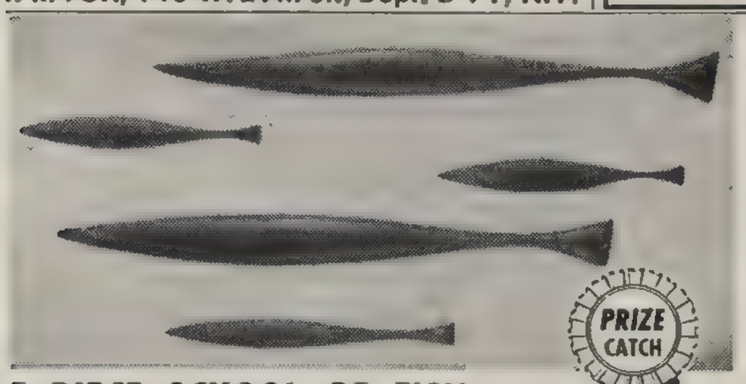
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SHOP

. . . Holiday hoopla

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SHANNON

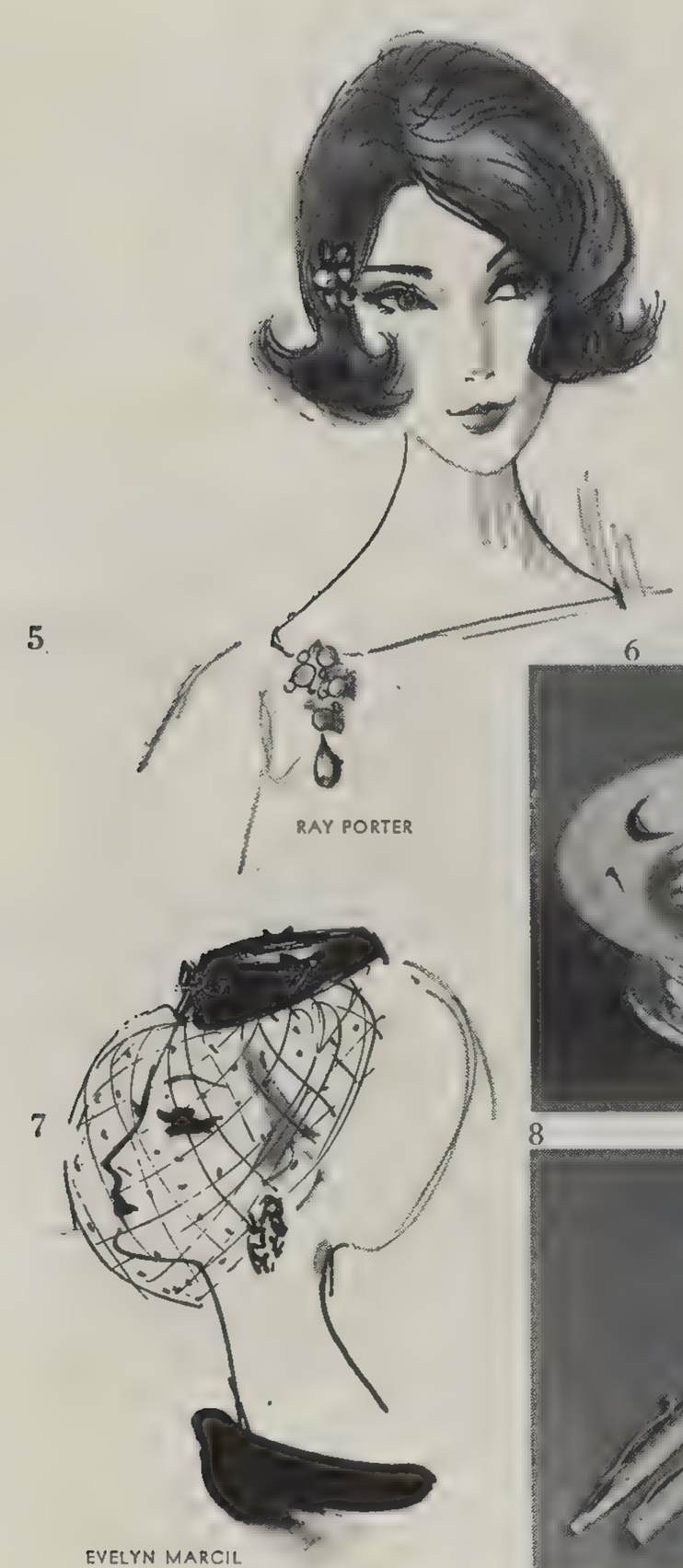
1. St. Christopher medal for motorists: of 14-k. gold, it has a magnetic back, clings to dashboard or other metal surface. $19.50 tax inc., ppd. Marchal, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

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HOUND



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RAY PORTER



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EVELYN MARCIL



5. Coiffure note: a new part-site (halfway between centre and side) gives rise to new allure—a wave curving deep onto one cheek; a curl where the other cheek is turned. Alex Coiffures d'Art, 11 E. 57th St., N. Y.

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7. A tiny black satin horseshoe with a drift of veiling: miniature hat to wear for theatre evenings, restaurant dinners. Also in brown, navy blue, Paris red, white, grey, royal blue. By Therese Ahrens, $10.95. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

8. Exquisite penmanship: in 14-k. gold, a slender pen and compact pen-and-pencil combination. The pen (left), 5″ long, $109; pen-and-pencil (the pen is shielded by the cap at the pencil's nether end), 4″ long, $137; both ppd. Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue. N. Y. 22.

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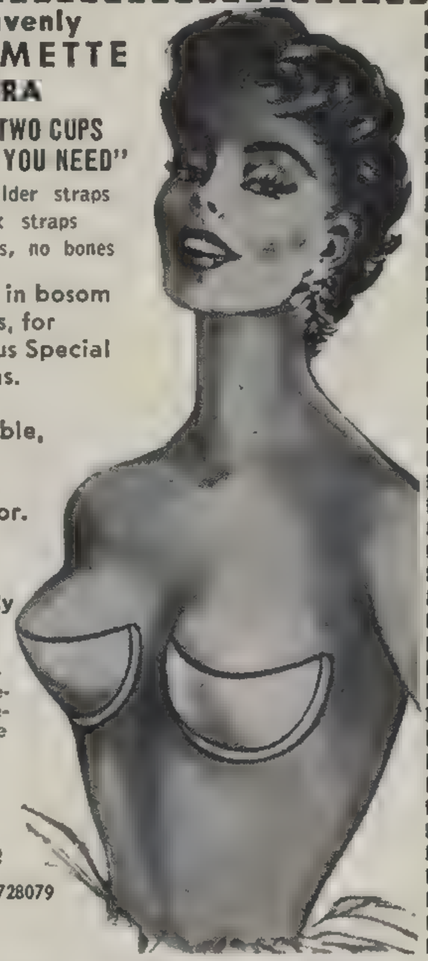
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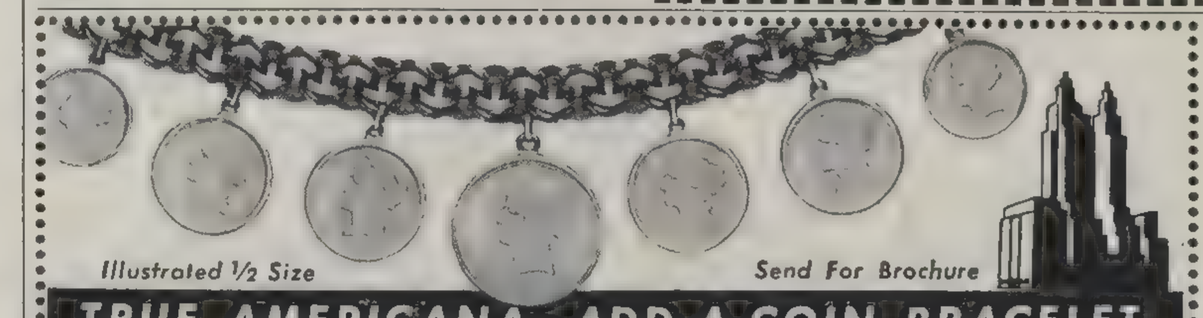
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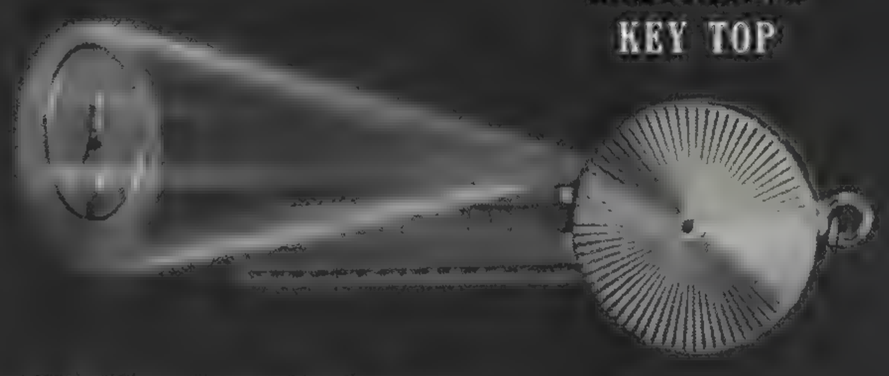
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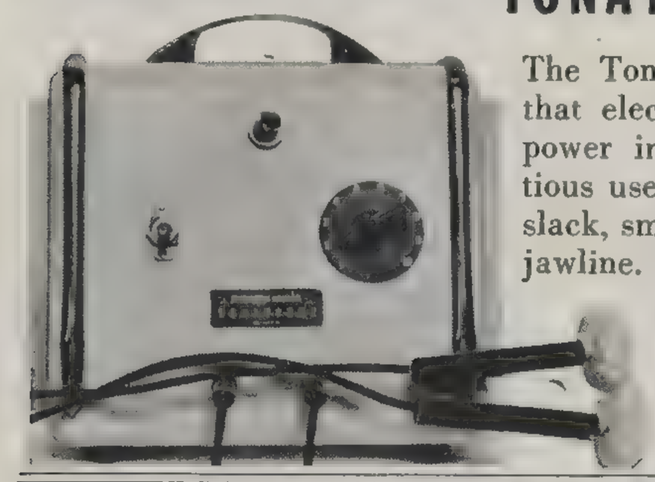
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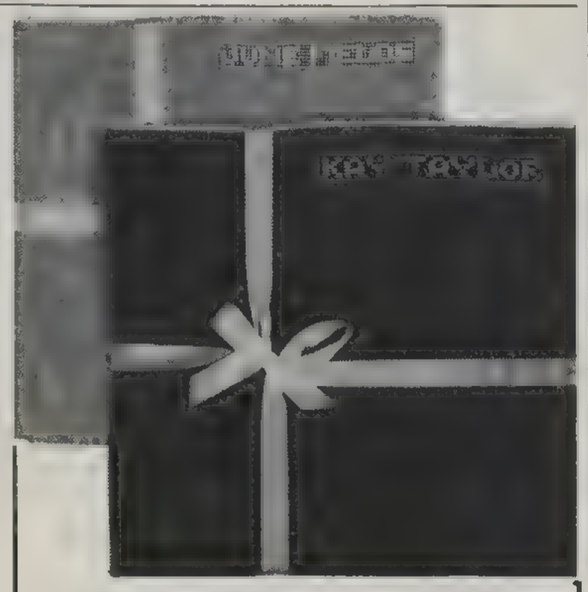


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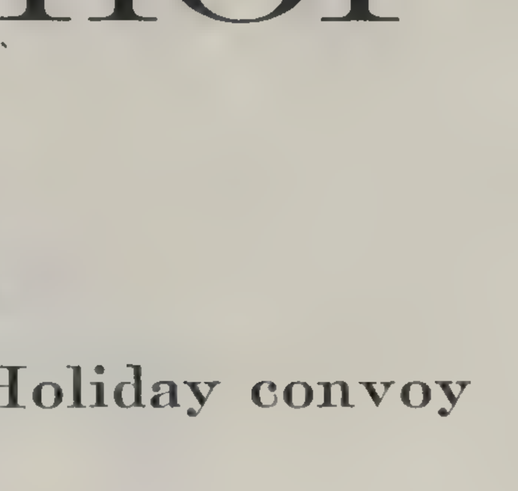
SHOP



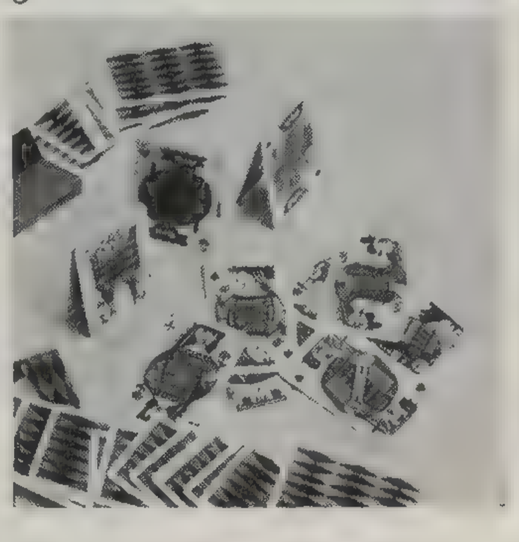
...Holiday convoy

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SHANNON

1. Attaché case with brief case inside. Both are of tobacco green DelMar hide, the outside case leather-lined and fitted with a tiny combination lock. By Atlas of Boston, $125 ppd. Charles W. Wolf, 30 Church St., New York 7.

2. Italian alabaster cigarette box, a soft grey-brown shade. About 4" high, 2½" in diameter. $6.98. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., New York 22.

3. From Sweden, playing cards designed by Stig Lindberg. They're plastic-coated, can be wiped clean. Two-colour harlequin design. Double pack, $5.25 ppd. Bachelder House, Dept. V., P. O. Box 5886, Bethesda 14, Md.

4. Moonstone necklace, 3 strands deep, the translucent oval stones in plum, avocado, amethyst, brown, or beige. $15 tax inc., ppd. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th St., New York 22.

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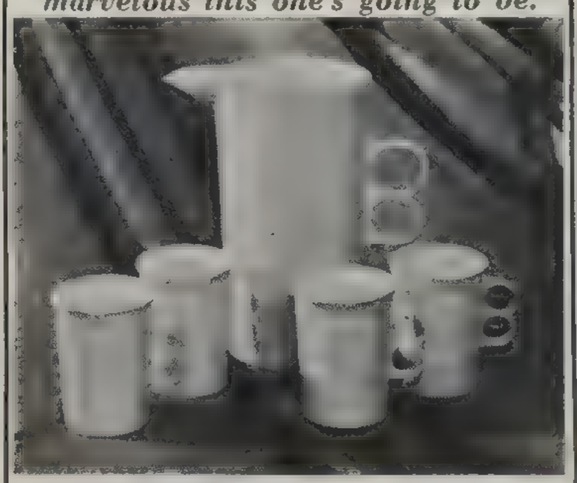


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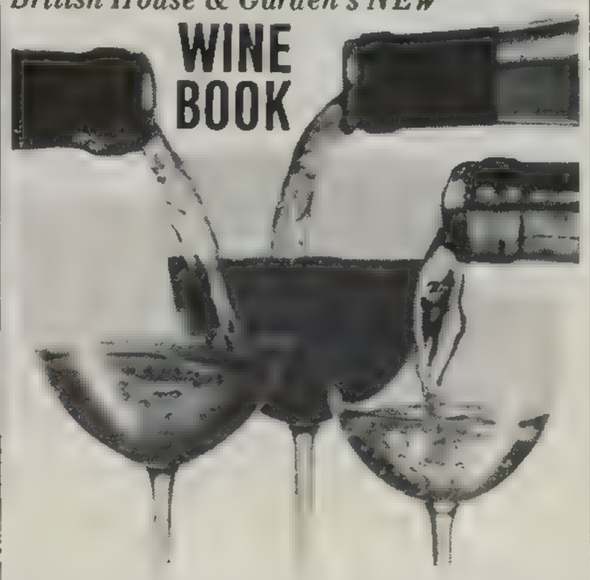
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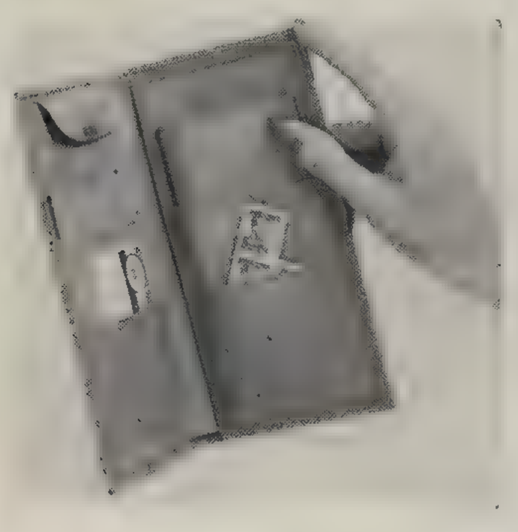
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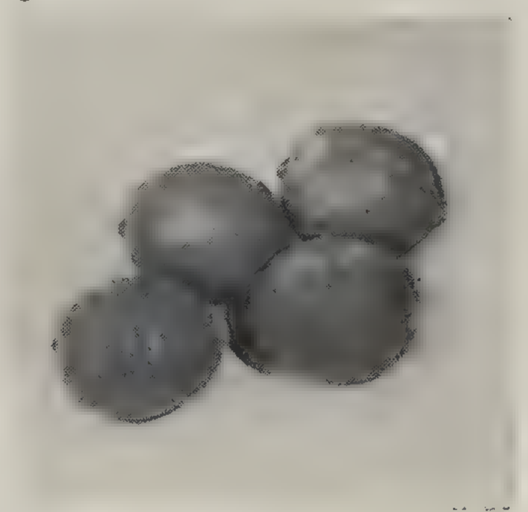
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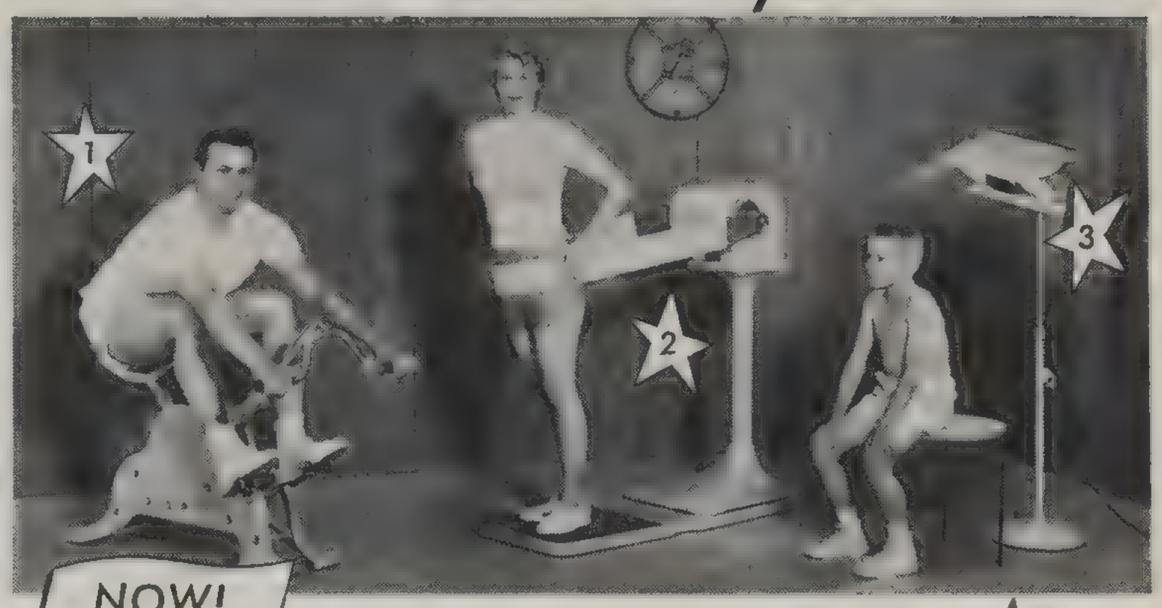
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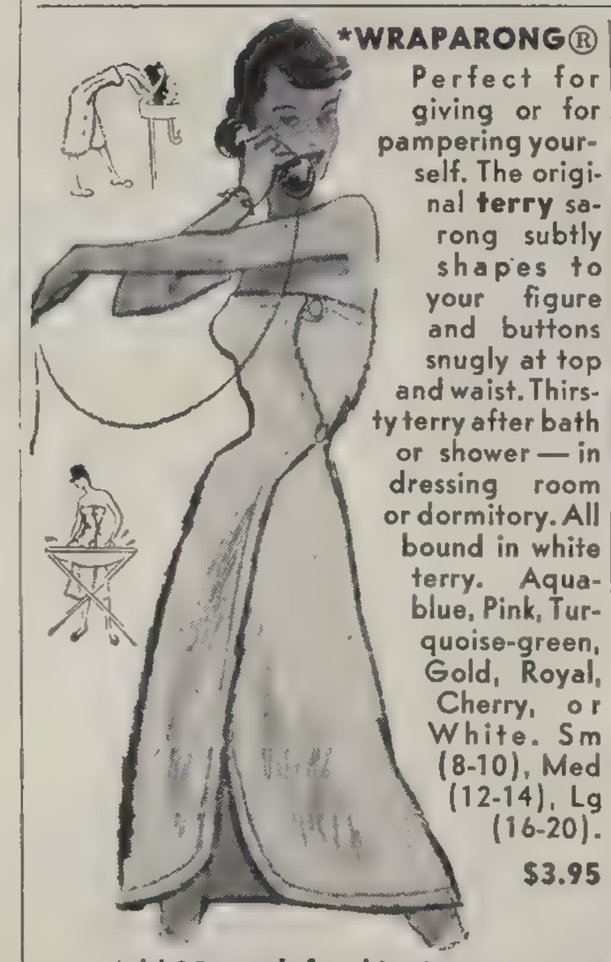
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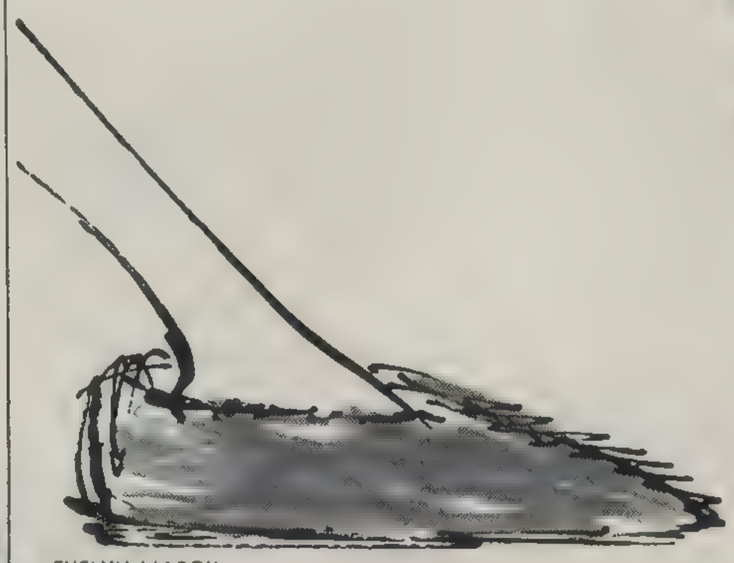


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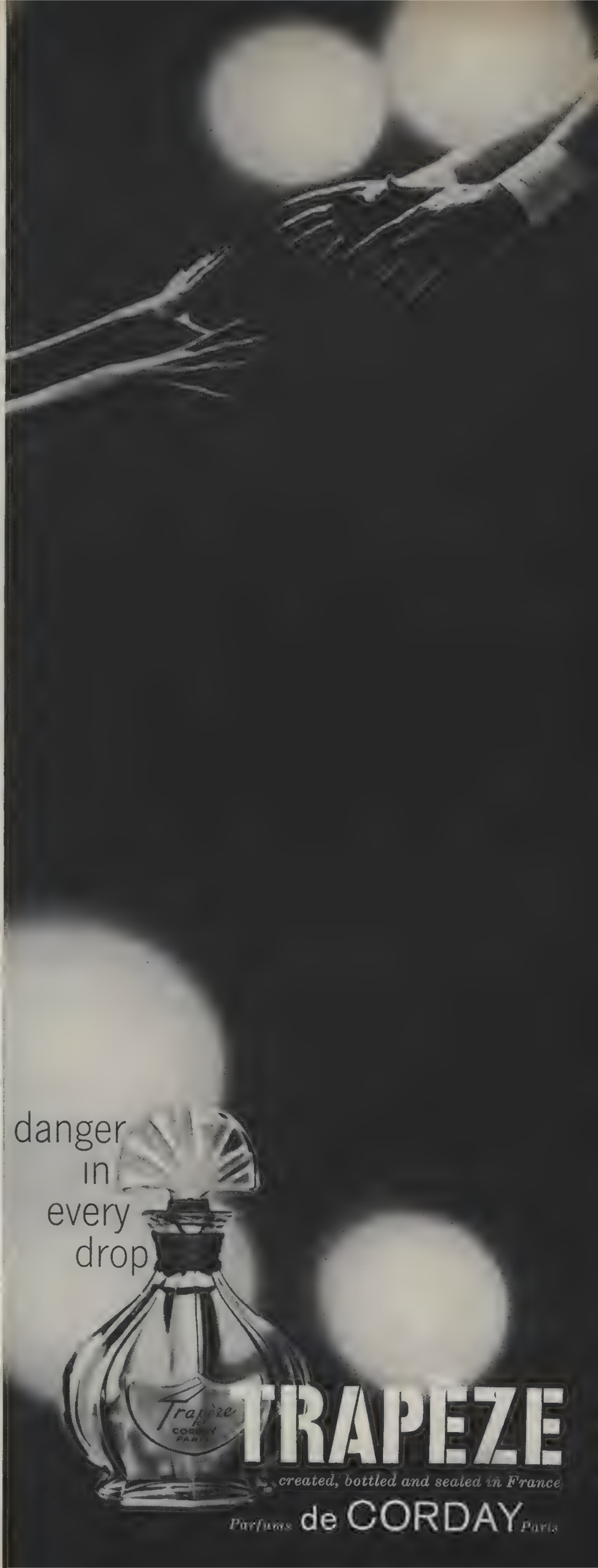
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(Continued from page 32).

later those toys are found, rusty, soggy, embedded in grass roots.

The squall of gay, feminine conversation coming from the kitchen was so unwonted that she half expected Robert would have wandered off and escaped, but he was still there, unsmilingly making conversation.

"Oh, aren't they ducks. No, you *don't* mean these are *your* children, Julia?" screamed Gwen.

The children, shy as farm cats, received their picnic and slipped away back to the sunshine. Julia, rather distrait, cut bread and butter, piled cups on a tray. "Tea in the garden?" she suggested.

"Too hot," Robert said. "Anyway they want eggs with their tea."

The visitors, for the moment, were outside, getting something from their car; without their neutralizing presence, hatred flickered in the kitchen like forked lightning. "Why do your friends always have to . . ."

"We've brought you a present," Gwen called gaily, charging back into the house. "You're to drink this tonight in memory of us."

"How perfectly sweet of you," said Julia, appalled, taking the bottle. "Can't you stay and drink it with us? Do."

And even Robert echoed, "Yes, do."

"No, darlings, we must get on, we're supposed to be in Bournemouth by six, so just give us one more cup of tea. What, no birthday cake, you naughty girl, you."

"I was trying to forget about my birthday," Julia repeated.

"And I know *you* weren't stopping her," Steffy said, shaking her finger at Robert. "Well I remember that time when we were all staying at Birling Gap when you said calmly, quite *calmly*, that you never gave Julia a birthday present because it was much better not to than to risk the year when you first forgot."

"*I* shouldn't ever *let* him forget."

"But he's very good at remembering other things," Julia said, smiling gently at Gwen.

"Steffy, we *must* be off. Darlings, I think your place is *perfectly* marvellous, you're the luckiest people in Dorset, or are we in Wiltshire?"

She hugged them both, waved to those poppets of children down by the stream, and continued in the same breath as the car munched and jerked its way from one gear to another up the steep hill: "I can not *stand* that man, simply can not stand him. My dear, he's driven away every friend that poor girl has, with his boorish ways. Never raises a finger to help her in the house. Hardly addressed a word to us the whole time we were there. Why she doesn't up and leave him I'll never know."

Bob and Julia, left faced with the ruins of the festive tea table, crummy and buttery in the hot afternoon light, hovered on the brink of rueful smiles that just missed fire. Bob shrugged, said, "Well, I'll feed the hens," and went out. Julia washed up. The heat was even worse than it had been earlier; she decided not to put the children to bed until it was a little cooler.

The table was now clear except for Gwen's bottle of wine which stood remotely in the middle. Undecided what to do next she stood with her arms folded looking at it.

Suddenly there was a short, sharp explosion from outside, crack!—the report of a gun?

Julia ran to the back door, bruising herself, without noticing it, on a corner of the copper as she crossed the awkward kitchen. Had Robert? Was Robert?

She came face to face with him as he dashed round the corner of the house.

"Julia! What the devil are you . . . ?"

"I didn't. I thought you . . ."

Simultaneously they real-



ized that the spare tire on their car had burst in the heat. Robert was furious. "God damn it, that's another five pounds down the drain. Why couldn't you put the car in the shed?"

"I thought you wanted to go to the village."

"On a Sunday? Whatever for?"

"Oh, how should I know?" she said wearily, wishing that she could resurrect from this angry shell the man she loved, who would once have shared a wry laugh with her over the fact that each had come running thinking the other was trying to commit suicide.

"Kids in bed?"

"Too hot. I'll put them in later."

"What are we going to do about them?" Robert said tonelessly, after a pause.

"I'll keep them for the moment. When you've got somewhere to live—if you marry again. . . ."

"*When* I marry again," he said.

"I suppose we have them half the year each. Or some such arrangement."

"Some such arrangement," he said harshly. "As if they were parcels."

"Oh, all right—when you've got a settled ménage, and a wife, you have them permanently. Better that than haggle over them." She brought out the words in a casual, throw-away manner and was surprised at the terrible, knife-like pain that threatened to prise her ribs apart. "I don't suppose *I* shall have a particularly stable home to take them to, for some time, anyway." She looked blindly about the little haunted house, soon to be sold.

"You really mean that?" he said, surprised.

"Why not?" She turned away to conceal the silent tears running down her cheeks. "Well, it's getting late, I suppose I might as well put them to bed."

She passed him, still with face averted, noticing the trail of cigarette ash on the floor. One thing, she thought savagely, wherever I am six months from now, at least there won't be ash all over the floor, he won't be picking and poking about the larder so that I never know what food is left. I shall be able to ask friends in without his being rude about them.

The children, sensing that they had been denied their due quota of attention during the adult tea-party, insisted on being chased to bed amid frantic excitement, giggles, and endless escapes. When at last they were in, and their father had been instructed to go up and say goodnight to them, Julia, pale with heat, flung herself down on the sofa. She could hear Robert moving about upstairs—packing, presumably. He proposed to leave at seven next morning.

Robert presently came downstairs. "I'll make supper in a minute," she called. No reply came from him, and she waited, prickling with irritation, hearing his footsteps go into the kitchen. What was he doing? There was a long silence, then a clink. If *he's* eating up the bit of cold mutton I was going to curry . . .

Stung to energy by exasperation she ran to the kitchen. He was standing in the larder doorway with his back to her.

"For heaven's *sake*," she snapped, "even on your last evening here can't you keep your fingers out of the larder for five minutes? You knew I was tired, that I was going to make supper very soon."

Then, appalled, she saw what he had been doing. The table was set: roses, Gwen's bottle of wine. He had made a salad.

He turned, slowly, looking at her with disgust, at the end of all patience. He had been holding the cold joint of mutton and a clean dish. He flung them both violently on the floor and walked out of the room.

"*Robert!* I'm sorry, I . . ."

His steps went slowly and heavily upstairs. She heard the door of his room, that was hers no longer, shut with a slam.

"Daddy! Daddy!" Voices of the children. "Come and say goodnight again."

"Go to sleep," she called automatically, then remembered that he would be off in the morning before they woke. But his door did not open again, and slowly, stooping as if her back ached, she began to pick the slivers of china from the floor.



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My wolf steps out like a lamb whenever I wear **NOSTALGIA**

Parfums Monteil

VOGUE
NOVEMBER 1, 1960



Right: Red satiny chiffon dress that's both soft and narrow, with back-décolletage, a bow on each shoulder. Worn with Emme's hatful of red feathers. Dress, a Galerie fashion, about $145. At Porter's; Milgrim's, Detroit; Bramson's; Vandever's. Shoes by Julianelli.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Vogue's eye view of the don't-dress situation

That undying cliché, "I haven't a thing to wear," was probably minted by a woman in the throes of deciding what to wear to a non-black-tie party. Asked to a charity ball or a picnic, she would know in a flash just what line of fashion to pursue, but when it comes to looking devastating, festive, and still—by a curious twist of semantics—not dressed, many women find their powers of decision strangely impaired. What, we asked one Vogue fashion editor recently, does "short, black" mean these days, and do we want it? "It means short," was her answer. "And it might mean short and bright blue, green, or whatever." For that tack, see pages 177-179. But for clarification of the short, black picture—which is sometimes short and white—see the dresses on the next six pages, all photographed in circumstances that more than explain the breathless vivacity of the waiting diner above.

FASHION FABLES
FOR AFTER SIX:

"They said don't dress..."

What's the story when the invitations say don't dress? . . . These famous first words have been known to plunge even a woman with a high fashion IQ into volatile confusion about just what dress to wear: "Is the beaded slip-dress too bare? Pink chiffon would certainly be going too far . . . and yet Mrs. Z. will be there wearing something pretty high-powered." A telephone call to the hostess will probably put her on record for at-home pants, and the cycle starts all over again. To pinpoint the degree of dazzle that's wanted in a don't-dress dress we have photographed here and on the next six pages a series of fables in which real-life dresses walk through fantastic (i.e., really fantastic) situations with no people at all. . . . The fashion moral in every case is this: a real-life six o'clock dress receives almost any unexpected development with becoming equanimity.

Opposite: The Lady and the Cheetah, an after-six fable proving the steady allure of black crêpe with a shallow cowl neckline, bias skirt. Worn here with Lilly Daché's hat-fantasy of black bird feathers specially designed for dining with a big cat. Dress by Bob Smith, of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon. About $55 at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

"I knew then I was living dangerously" . . .

LEOMBRUNO-BODI











"He has a beard . . . but he's more Continental than beat."

Left: One simply devastating reply to the don't-dress evening that calls for something more than the not-too-bare rule of thumb—a demi-bareness in black silk, one shoulder bare, the other demurely bowed. Going under such a big cloud of black net spattered with rhinestones is not our idea of the usual, but a witty indulgence for serpentine conversations. The dress, a Givenchy adaptation by Rembrandt of William Rose fabric, about $55. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Hat by Lilly Daché.

Above: Getting this goat's attention, a black brocade dress, its high neck and little sleeves part of the new covered seduction. And, by the way, if myth has any meaning the goat is a fashion-minded creature, supposed to visit the devil once every day to have his beard combed. This fabulous pillbox, a night dream by Emme, its yellow and white jewelled flower drenched in black veiling, could possibly come true on a woman sure of her fashion. The dress is silk brocade, by Ben Barrack, about $100 at Henri Bendel; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

"The conversation was terribly tricky . . ."







"Actually we have a very amusing friendship . . ."

Left: Short black brocade dress with reverse décolletage, full skirt, involved here in a palmy-days bistro fable which has only one little pig. In point of fact, this dress would move realistically through other dinners, cocktail parties, and most theatre evenings that are not the opening of *Camelot.* Lilly Daché's heady obbligato is a giant float of ostrich feathers designed for a dream sequence. Dress by Mr. Mort of brocaded cotton and Celanese acetate in junior sizes. About $40. At Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. I. Miller shoes. *Above:* Black wool jersey dress that would look young and wonderful-towny at dinner after an early movie—maybe *The Entertainer,* with Sir Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, and Brenda de Banzie. The neck is a boat-shape, and pleats burst out at the hips, a jot below one of those boneless sashes tied at the waist. Worn with a true-to-life baby helmet of black felt. (The man who came to dinner here is low on profile, but strong on concentration.) Dress, about $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Hat by Emme.

"I met him at a cocktail party and he seemed so strong . . ."

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



"I liked him because he seemed so direct."

Above: Direct, that's what is so appealing too about this approach to a don't-dress evening—a sleeveless white brocade shirt with a slim matching skirt, worn with a tall loaf hat of white bugle beads and a swath of silver fox. The dress has a perfect little-evening manner—more than can be said for the handsome beast, a cheetah, with his paws in the lobster. By Nelly de Grab in brocade of cotton and Estron acetate: blouse about $12, skirt about $12, both at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Canadian silver fox stole by Revillon. Hat by Sally Victor. *Right:* What's going on in the fox's mind, or the musician's for that matter, we couldn't say, but the dress is a pretty sweet grape within reach of any woman with a grasp on fashion. It's milk-white satin, eased as a polo shirt, the sash softly knotted. Brown net turban by Emme—as good in a Persian garden as in most little evening situations U.S.A. Dress by Sportwhirl, in satin of acetate and cotton, about $23 at De Pinna; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Shoes on both pages: Herbert Levine. Props here and on preceding pages identified on page 212.

"I keep wondering if he thinks I'm a grape."



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The jolt away from apathy in the campaigns, mainly through the duet appearance on television of Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy. . . . The swoop of royalty to New York; Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Norway, the Crown Prince and Princess of Japan. . . . The pale-blue crash helmets of the outriders, New York City police on motorcycles guarding famous passengers in black limousines streaking down the avenues. . . . The recent disparity between the headlines and the camera view on television of the U.N. Assembly.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The glorious playing of Isaac Stern in Beethoven's *Violin Concerto in D Major* at the opening concert of the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall, suddenly white and gold and rosy-red, handsome from afar, and pretty in detail. . . . The multiplication of high glass crates on New York's Park Avenue. . . . The hot dogs that are really icy franks at Madison Square Garden. . . . The New York hit, *The Hostage*, a falling-down-drunk of an entertainment by Brendan Behan who has filled its collapsing crevices with Dublin mockeries, irrelevant jigs and songs, along with some touching bits and some superb vulgarities, acted by a good company, held in order by Maxwell Shaw as a limping dilapidated caretaker.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *A Voice from the Attic* by Robertson Davies who has written a joyous book about books, meant most of the time for the clerisy, "a name that can only be applied with justice to those who read for pleasure and with some pretension to taste"; he also adds this advice for writers: "Many a promising career has been wrecked by marrying the wrong sort of woman. The right sort can distinguish between Creative Lassitude and plain shiftlessness.". . . The downhearted wail of Bobby Darin singing that miserable popular song, "Artificial Flowers," from the new musical, *Tenderloin*. . . . The cosmetic attractions of *Midnight Lace*, a suspense movie, with these alluring components: rich Rex Harrison, Doris Day, bait for a murderer in Irene clothes, and London, a love in colour photography. . . . Ceil Cabot, a wide-mouthed, attractive, funny girl in the blatantly amusing new revue at the red-walled Upstairs at the Downstairs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The New York run of *The World of Carl Sandburg*, a series of chunks of Carl Sandburg's writings, read by Leif Erickson and Bette Davis, with moments of song and guitar by Clark Allen, their bits and pieces held together by ugly bridges of Norman Corwin prose, with Miss Davis, relieving her smarmy, too-cadenced voice here with a brilliant spurt of characterization as "Elizabeth Umpstead," with a white feather boa around her neck. . . . The pleasure of *The American Revolution*, a stirring, marvellous cantata by Richard Bales, based on marches, songs, music from 1775 to 1800, in a record album, with special articles and old photographs, all under the guidance of Goddard Lieberson.

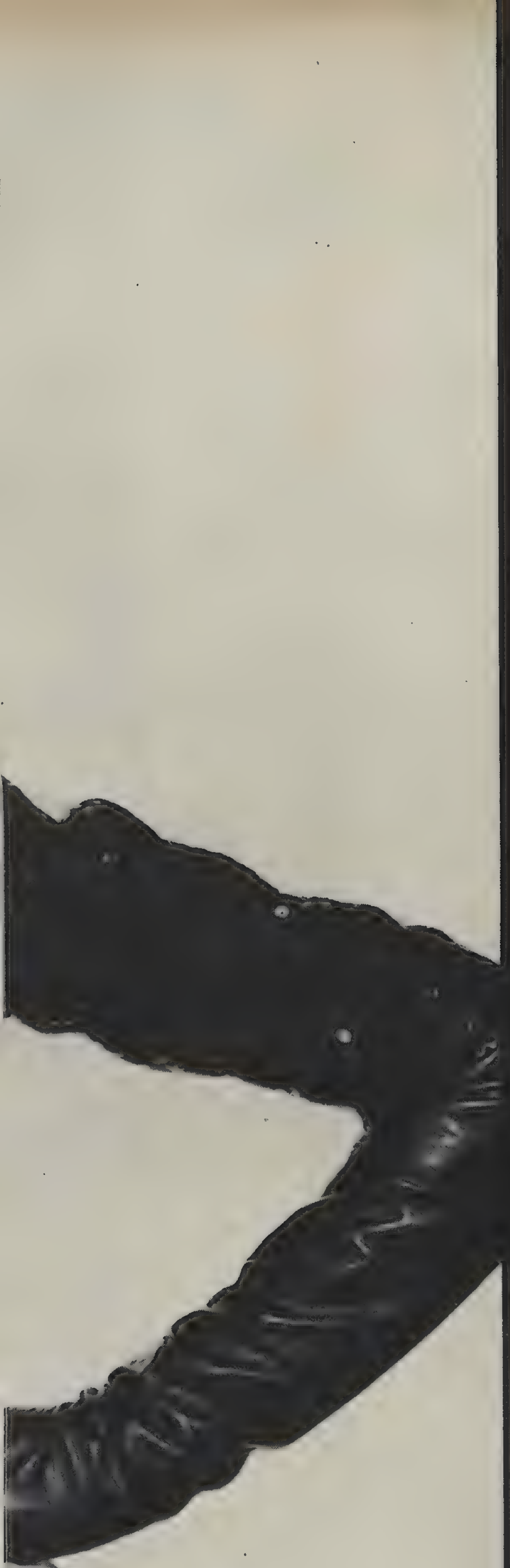
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fat new International Edition of *The New York Times*, carrying exactly the same national and international news that appears in New York, plus some special European news, all put together in Paris by Theodore Bernstein, that furious grammarian and cliché-fighter who, as assistant managing editor of *The Times* in New York, cracked down on the staff in a maddened series of memoranda: now after a *Times* story has been written and edited in New York, it goes on a teletypesetter, a machine that can set type simultaneously all around the world by electrical impulse. . . . Elizabeth Seal in the musical *Irma La Douce*, singing with a Sucaryl-and-vinegar voice, dancing like an inspired intoxicated sandpiper in her overwhelmingly charming number, "Dis-Donc."



ROBERT MOSES, PAINTED BY RENÉ BOUCHÉ. This portrait of a man who has spent a good part of his life and more than five billion dollars building around New York is part of the important exhibition, "Only in New York," at the Museum of the City of New York for the next three months. Bouché's paintings and sketches of the city's life, of some of the people who influence that life, are sharp, critical, and sometimes beautiful. Among the most revelatory is this painting of Mr. Moses, a strong man who will be seventy-two next month, an age that has not prevented him from taking on the enormous job of building the 1964 New York World's Fair, after decades of building highways, low-cost apartments, parks, and bridges. About the same time, he took on another new job, a directorship of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, and kept three powerful chairmanships, those of the New York State Power Authority, of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and of the Long Island State Park Commission. On the other hand, last May he resigned several other important jobs, including one held with some tenacity for twenty-six years, that of New York City Park Commissioner. (His successor, Newbold Morris, received during his first day as Park Commissioner ten memoranda and one telegram from Moses, no man to let out-of-sight mean out-of-mind.) Behind all these titles is a brilliant public master with an efficiency some think dictatorial, a tongue quick with easily-catalyzed acid, and a low threshold for opposition.



black *and* white



No mystery at all about what's on the evening's agenda here—or what your hostess *really* has in mind. Dress is the word—and ravishingly. Among the great situation-tested formulas for that: black, white—with an and/or clause that's good for any night of the week.

Left: Here's the idea—dinner, the theatre, a night club or a party later (and we hope there's dancing; the silk chiffon skirt is short and full, and extremely pretty in motion). The top, a soft black wool sweater, glistening with sequins. Sweater-and-skirt; black-and-white—more infallible than this it's not easy to be. Dress, by Pat Premo; about $200. Satin handbag. Gloves by Superb. All at Lord & Taylor. The dress also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings by Atelier Nina. Coiffure by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

Right: Thin straps, thin dress, with silvery threads picking out flowers along the great white way. (Not seen, but we feel it in our bones—there's a wildly attractive man offstage, adjusting his white tie to just this kind of situation.) Dress, by Richard Cole, of silk and Mylar; about $70. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson's; Dayton's. The necklace is by de Firenze; at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN



black and white



Left: Skirt and overblouse, tied—the most devastating look in the room is likely to be as simple as that. (Of course, the top is a shimmer of silvery bugle beads, and the skirt is a long, swaying circle of black silk crêpe, which accounts for everything.) By Donald Brooks. The gloves by Aris. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress: I. Magnin. Canadian silver fox stole, Gunther Jaeckel. Eurico Caruso coiffure. *Right:* A deeply yoked wrap of coat in black silk satin, worn with an awareness of evening-coat facts: it's what your audience sees first and last, and the memory is apt to linger. (Memorableness here, being supplied by—apart from the coat itself—an enormous collar of black silk beads; big jet-black earrings, and a custard-cup of a hat beaming with jet beads and glitter.) Coat, by Irving Weber, about $110. Jewellery, by Van S. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, at Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer. Lilly Daché hat.



Left: Black silk crêpe, long and simple and powerfully alluring. (For the record—and not because this dress requires explanations—it comes in two pieces, and just a spotlight or so of glitter is all it needs for peak-dazzle.) By Christian Dior-New York; about $235. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hudson's. Rhinestone earrings by Albert Weiss: also at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* What practically no Vogue reader has to be told—we hope: when the elements are right, there's no surer evening-fire than sweater-and-skirt dressing. The elements, right as rain here, thick, crusty black Swiss lace, and a waft of silk chiffon pleats to the floor. By Sarmi. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The long black kidskin gloves on both pages, by Wear-Right. Earrings by Schreiner. All: Bonwit Teller. The coiffures in both photographs are by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

black *and* white



The monogamous mink

What makes a mink coat monogamous? Just this—
the fact that, in its own luxurious way, it promises lifetime benefits
to its owner, and to all the clothes that go along
(very few cases of incompatibility—with clothes *or* owner—are on record).
Mink is a luxury but, like a beauty who also happens to have brains,
it has a sounder side. It isn't afraid of hard work, long hours,
challenging assignments—these are all in its contract,
and taken in its all-encompassing stride. . . .
No other fur has mink's range of time-place possibilities;
thrown over tweeds or plaids on a country morning, or wrapped around
a big evening dress—either way, and every way, mink has it made.
All this, we think, adds up to about as much monogamousness
as any one article of clothing can ever have.
(Zoological note: in real life, minks are fairly monogamous too;
as we understand it, if left to themselves, they wait for the right
mink to come along, and pretty well stand by their choice.)
To act out a sort of this-is-your-life story in mink,
these and the next pages show one mink coat in five different
this-minute fashion situations. The coat picked for the starring rôle is
magnificently throwaway, and about as anyface as Alec Guinness—
cut like a trench coat, with manoeuvrable (or removable) belt,
it can be useful or devastating, depending upon
the part it's called upon to play.
The scenes here: country day, suburban morning,
travel, late day, and a gala evening—all under the same mink direction.

The mink coat—its first stop: country

A mink trench coat, opposite, in a marvellous out-of-town tryout—worn, as a trench coat might expect to be worn, over a black sweater, black and brown plaid wool skirt. The coat has a notched collar, tie belt (stuffed here, camel's-hair fashion, into a flapped pocket), and a wonderfully understated kind of fur-chic that's translatable into practically any situation of a woman's fur-life. Coat of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink; at Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago. Turtle-neck sweater by Colebrook; skirt by Tudor Square. Handbag by Koret. All at Lord & Taylor. This type of mink coat, and the mink-centered wardrobe on the next pages, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Brandied about on lips, nails: Cognac, one of five new *apéritif* shades, by Michel; at Lord & Taylor.





The monogamous mink *continued*



Above: Evidence that a mink coat *can* go to the grocery (the minks had to eat too, didn't they, to get where they are?). Here, the coat stresses its suburban casualness—tailored, trenchy lines and rugged warmth—worn, here, with two other staffs of life: a bright-red knitted wool sheath, a nice display of bread. *Left:* Afternoon of a mink, on a travelling schedule—its silhouette changed at this point by wearing the belt as an ascot scarf. The suit travelling with it, bronzed-green with lowered collar, a mauve blouse. The suit by Jablow, of Lesur fabric; at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. The side-swept taupe felt cloche by Sally Victor. *Right:* For galas, here is the same mink coat with all stops out and a smashing effect, belted and up-collared over Norman Norell's narrow, full-length blade of bright tangerine silk crêpe. Special lighting effects here: big spray earrings of rhinestones and fake rubies.

KAREN RADKAI





This year's coiffure natural

Soft, throwaway, wonderfully wearable—here is the not-every-hair-in-place version of the new short non-curly coiffure. What's needed for it is hair of a certain silkiness, hair that has body without the stand-offish bulk that often goes with body. All of which leads up to: good news in permanents, a new wave called Crown Jewel that's gentle because it's low on alkalinity. It cuts down on permanent wave "shock" and produces a softer kind of body by pouring on protein. By Helene Curtis in special mixes for different hair types—details, page 92. Coiffure: the Antoine Salon, Saks Fifth Avenue.

A sleek black dress having cocktails with a rope of fake seed pearls, a velvet helmet—all, close associates in a mink coat's life. Dress by Branell, of Arnel and rayon crêpe: about $90 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Miriam Haskell necklace. Red interplay on lips and nails: Elizabeth Arden.

KAREN RADKAI

At-home mood: deep purple evening pants

An after-six specialty, house pants of purple silk and a brisk, non-languishing mauve sweater of cashmere. The bogus amethyst and topaz brooch is what we call an indulgent jewel, worn stage centre; the earrings are fake emeralds and rhinestones. Sweater by Hadley, about $30, at Peck & Peck. Stretch pants of silk and Helanca nylon by Jack Winter, about $30; Brania earrings and pin; Capezio boots; all at Lord & Taylor. Clothes and jewellery are also at I. Magnin.

One of the most appealing instances of the culotte rage, this dinner dress in a deep purple velveteen that was born seductive: the waistline lowered and sashed. The vine necklace—longer than a choker—is dripping with turquoise beads touched with green. Culotte dress of cotton velveteen by Cabana, about $40; fake jade drop earrings and necklace by Brania; all at De Pinna. Dress also at Jenny's. The shoes are by Capezio. The wolf rugs on both pages are by Georges Kaplan.

KAREN RADKAI



LIBERMAN

Homage to

PENN,

and his

"MOMENTS PRESERVED"

A superb new book of three hundred photographs, all taken for Vogue, by this great photographer

In the big, beautiful book, *Moments Preserved*, Irving Penn has preserved the look of the world since World War II, the look of the land around the world, of fashions, of beauties, of men in the small trades in England, France, and the United States, of the famous—writers, painters, actors, actresses, directors, ballet dancers, the intelligent, the creative, even the stupid. In the process, he developed his direct, austere photographs, his tender photographs, his ravishing still-life photographs. A Penn photograph is indisputably a Penn because he sees only through his own eyes. [An article, "With Penn and Camera," by Allene Talmey, is on page 200.]

On the following five pages, sixteen photographs, in a Penn retrospective

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA rode first to fame on a donkey as a creamy, ill-tempered peasant, bosomy and barefoot in the movie *Bread, Love, and Dreams.* Since then she is a case of beauty, the Mediterranean girl for whom the word Lollos was invented to short-cut a description of feminine attributes too precarious to describe.



PENN *continued*



LOUIS JOUVET, a brilliant French actor and a man of the whole theatre—producer and director—had a long career in which he devised some extraordinary productions of Giraudoux, Cocteau, Claudel, as well as the basic classics of the Comédie Française. Americans saw him being wonderfully funny in his production of Molière's *L'École des Femmes* in 1951, had seen him before in such movies as *Carnival in Flanders* and *Carnet de Bal.* Quite possibly this photograph was the last taken of him before his death in 1951. At the studio he sat close to the camera, talking about the theatre in concentrated intense whispers.

COLETTE, that great French writer, reached eighty years just after Penn photographed her on her raft, the name she gave to her divan-bed where she had been marooned almost ten years. That photograph, now in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, was "staggering" wrote Maurice Goudeket, the husband of Colette, in his book *Close to Colette,* "... isolating Colette from her surroundings, from her legend, and setting her exposed before posterity. The forehead is revealed practically bare, vast, significant, the forehead of a genius ... it is a betrayal.... It reveals everything that Colette desired to conceal...." The day Penn took this photograph in her Paris apartment, he stood the camera's tripod on the sheet between Colette's immobilized feet, with the nails scarlet. Her own strong word was *"Regarde,"* to feel, wonder, accept, and to look. It was the last word she ever said.

























PENN,

a retrospective from Vogue in "Moments Preserved"

Among the fascinations of the new Penn book, with its scope of photographs taken in the last seventeen years for Vogue, are these beauties. *Men in Fiesta Masks*, Peru, 1948; *Girl with Tobacco on Her Tongue*, New York, 1951; *Sewer Cleaner*, New York, 1951; *Lipstick*, 1959; *American Ballet Theatre*, New York, 1947; *Seated Nude*, 1950; *International Food*, 1947; *Lisa Fonssagrives in a Balenciaga*, 1950; *Jean Patchett in Black and White*, 1950; *The Wines of France*, 1953; *New York Madonna*, 1955; *Berber Horsemen, near Marrakech, Morocco*, 1951; and the internationally famous photograph of *Juliet Auchincloss, aged two*, 1949. Note: Some of the photographs in the book will be in his exhibition at the Iolas Gallery in New York, from December sixth to the thirty-first—they are there as extraordinarily brilliant work in the arts.







A garden of the T-shaped house ANTHONY DENNEY

THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT HOUSE IN PARIS

The Stavros Niarchos town house: a brilliant assembly of paintings, decorative treasures, and history.

After four years of restoration and decoration of the Hôtel de Chanaleilles in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Stavros Niarchos and part of their great collections have moved into that historical house. When the Duc du Maine, one of eight children of Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV, built a small house there in the early eighteenth century, it was surrounded by gardens at the edge of the new district, the Faubourg Saint-Germain. In 1770 the Marquis de Barbançon built the present *hôtel* (in France the first meaning of *hôtel* is not hotel but town house). Among the notable hands through which it has passed since then were those of Madame Tallien, "the scandal, the charm, the shame, and the delight of the Directoire," who gave there some of the most memorable parties of her time. Now, along with such masterpieces as El Greco's "Pietà," Matisse's "La Desserte," and Van Gogh's "Portrait of Père Tanguy," Niarchos guests can look at ravishing collections of silver, porcelains, Athenian amphorae and urns, and some exquisite things of Queen Marie Antoinette and the Empress Josephine, a close friend of Madame Tallien's. "Mesdames d'Aiguillon, Tallien, and my aunt . . . are constantly with me," Josephine virtuously wrote to Napoleon in Egypt, in 1799, "and they can tell you, ungrateful as you are, whether I have been coquetting with everybody." *(Continued on page 160)*

Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, a small, dark, Greek beauty, here wearing a Dior dress, was photographed by Cecil Beaton in the yellow gallery. A handsome room for dancing, the gallery is lighted by French windows, and the golden colour of Indian silk wall coverings, curtains, and portières, and six candled chandeliers, crystal and ormolu copies of one at Versailles. Repeating the motifs of the beamed ceiling, the magnificent floor came as a present to Madame Tallien from Napoleon.

CECIL BEATON





In the Greek room: an Aubusson rug, and ebony columns to frame shelves that hold Athenian objects, principally of the fifth century B.C.

Athenian objects and superb French furniture in the Niarchos house in Paris



In the dining room: an Ispahan rug, Louis XVI gilded chairs, and on the mantelpiece, Sèvres porcelain in Pompadour blue.



"It is a sort of smiling Trianon that looks a little wistful, a little petulant even, as though it resented being deprived of those stately lawns in whose midst it once had reared itself so proudly"—these words on the Hôtel de Chanaleilles were recorded in nineteenth-century governmental archives of the "Administration des Domaines." Among the Hôtel's present unwistful and far from petulant glories is a new wing, a Niarchos revision designed by the architect, Emilio Terry, to house Louis XV Chinoiserie panels brought back to Paris from a Viennese palace. Two views of the black and gold panels are shown in the drawing room, *above,* and with Mrs. Niarchos, who wears a pink, white, and scarfed Balenciaga dress, *right.* Beneath the panels stand two remarkably carved Louis XV consoles. *Left,* the dining room; tables for eight, two in the room, one in the small salon beyond, set for a dinner in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

ANTHONY DENNEY

CECIL BEATON



Great paintings in the Niarchos house in Paris

Against the crimson velvet that covers the walls and curtains the windows of the salon, photographed in part *right* and in part *below,* hang many of the famous paintings of the Niarchos collection. Over the ebony and ormolu desk, *below:* "La Maison du Père Pilon" by Van Gogh and "Odalisque" by Delacroix; above the sofa to the right, "Le Crotoy, Aval" by Seurat. In the photograph, *right,* "The Black Clock" by Cézanne, and, over the mantel, El Greco's renowned "Pietà," previously shown in Vogue when it hung in another red room, in the Niarchos' New York apartment. The extraordinary Savonnerie rug, with the fleur-de-lis and arms of France woven into it, once lay in a royal palace, and the vermeil wash basin and four angel-topped coffers on the desk belonged to the Empress Josephine.

ANTHONY DENNEY



On an ebony and ormolu desk, Empress Josephine's toilet set.

In a small room with panels that belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette: Mrs. Niarchos and Renoir's famous "Two Sisters."

CECIL BEATON





One woman's clothes money—

a true, fact by fact account of one wife's clothes shopping

What does it cost to be not just well-dressed, but really deliciously well-dressed? . . . Obviously, there are almost as many answers to this question as there are women who care enough about their looks to buy interesting clothes, make up their faces, and have their hair done. And there are as many diverse factors governing the cost—a good figure, for instance, is better than money in the bank; better than a face that's launched a thousand ships. (Full speed ahead and damn the clichés is what we say.) . . . In any case, the clothes life detailed on these pages with dollar notations is a real-life, un-hoked-up report of how one woman's clothes money is spent.

Her name is incidental; in fact, we intend to call her Mrs. J. Briefly, what you need to know is this. Her life is what is known as "comfortable," but not "fabulous." She has a good backlog of clothes that can be rotated with new acquisitions; in other words, she never has to start from scratch with no reserves beyond a closet full of cotton shirt-dresses. Even more important than that is the fact that she has energy, a genuine interest in clothes, and the ability to plan ahead—to see the year as a whole, to see her wardrobe as a whole; and an unswerving determination to get things right—the fabric, the workmanship, the details, and above all, the fitting. . . . A thousand dollars spent for a beautiful bead-embroidered ball dress is money down the drain if the skirt doesn't hang with a magnificent sort of inevitability.

She is young (early thirties), blond, and attractive, and lives with her husband and two children in a traditionally fashionable suburb of New York, in the refurbished gardener's cottage of a large demesne. The J.'s have a cook, a housemaid who doubles as Mrs. J.'s personal maid, and a nurse for the children. They move in an enjoyably shiny world of dinner-parties and private dances, some in the country, some in town; of charity balls, theatres, night clubs, boxes at the opera; of good food, good conversation, and apparently hilarious parlour-games. In the daytime, for Mrs. J., there are the usual local activities—committees, gardening, marketing, or a trip to town for lunch and shopping.

They generally go to Europe for at least part of the summer, and to the Caribbean in winter—although these pleasure trips are often combined with business trips for Mr. J., whose work involves a great deal of travelling. Wherever she goes, Mrs. J. keeps her eyes open and her wits about her—and in her eyes, which are large and dark blue, lurks the true bargain-hunter's gleam. "I always know where they sell things the cheapest," she said not long ago. By "things" she doesn't mean just any old thing; she means *good* things. She means buying French clothes in Rome, or Italian clothes in the Caribbean, or Balenciagas in Madrid, or something for the house at the Flea Market in Paris.

Because of this knowledge, this bargain-hunter's flair, Mrs. J. is always one of the best-dressed women in any gathering—and the other women present generally include some of the best-dressed anywhere. For many of these other women, the problem of dressing well is a fairly simple one: they can afford to walk into the most famous dressmaking houses in New York or Paris, order the models they want at the full price, and walk out.

Here, in broad outline, is Mrs. J.'s system. She is anything but an impulse buyer. "I never get carried away—and I try hard never to buy anything at the last minute, even a four-dollar cotton jersey." In the spring and the autumn, when the Paris Collections reports come out, she studies them carefully—not only in the American fashion magazines, but the French ones; she even buys, at a newsstand on 59th Street that specializes in foreign periodicals, the *Journal Officiel* of the French couture and reads that. (She happens to speak and read French easily, but even if she didn't, the photographs tell the story.) She turns down pages, marks and annotates. "Unless I know the French clothes, I feel my ear isn't really to the ground."

She then goes over her existing wardrobe with a penetrating eye and decides what needs replacing. Evening clothes, in Mrs. J.'s life, have to be turned over oftener than anything else, and she finds that "you get more mileage out of short evening dresses, because you can wear them to dinner parties or for dancing." (She will wear, and has worn, a favourite evening dress for as long as six years, if it holds up well—and when it finally does collapse, she may have it copied.)

Her next move depends on where she is. If she is at home and there are no travel plans for the immediate future, she starts watching the New York

shops for good copies of the French models that have attracted her. Mrs. J.'s standards for a copy are high; she sews beautifully herself, and she knows needlework and fabric and how a dress should be constructed. In her opinion, an inexpensive copy of a model that was simple to start with can be excellent, but an inexpensive copy of a very complex dress is generally a disaster. "Never buy a low-priced copy of anything cut on the bias," is one of her maxims; or, "anything with those high gussets under the arms—the batwing sleeve look. These are both very difficult cuts to achieve—they need reinforced seams and all sorts of things that take endless time. The simpler things are the best to buy." Even she is not infallible, though. One of her failures this year has been a $55 copy of a beige Balenciaga day-dress, in a sort of silky-lineny fabric. Although it has a fairly simple cut, and fits her easily, the seams keep popping.

This spring, her New York purchases, aside from the one mishap already mentioned (and even that is wearable if she keeps an eye on the seams), have consisted of the following:

One brown-and-black printed silk organza late-day dress with a boat neckline and a flat bow (there was also a round collar, which Mrs. J. removed); $65. One copy of a Balenciaga short evening dress and jacket, in pink wide-wale piqué; $145. One striped pink-and-white cotton dress; $45. One lavender-and-white rose-printed cotton dress; $25. Two striped jersey tops in black, brown, grey, and white, one a pull-over, one a jacket—to wear with some grey wool pants she already owns—at $25 apiece; $50. One long beige jersey culotte costume for country evenings, with a sleeveless top and binding of gold braid; $55. One copy of a taupey-beige Balenciaga day dress, already described; $55. One black-and-white checked sleeveless silky top, about $5 (snatched off a counter *en passant*). One pair of mustard-and-brown plaid wool pants; $20. One black silk shantung top, a copy of Balenciaga, to go with a black wool Balenciaga suit she already has; $45. Bathing suits, $60. One Harlequin-printed silk shantung pants and sleeveless overtop costume, in shades of pink, orange, lilac, pale blue, red, and purple; $110. One pair of shorts in the same Harlequin-printed silk shantung; $30. Four silk jersey long-sleeved shirts, at $55 each; $220. Two cotton blouses, about $25 for both. Gloves, $150. Total: $1105.

Bear in mind that the summer clothes on this and the European list which follows are also worn in the Caribbean, where Mrs. J. spends a month or two every winter. (Then, while she's *in* the Caribbean, she replenishes her wardrobe for the following summer by buying Italian silk shirts and pants in a duty-free port where they're cheaper than they are in Italy.) Before she actually leaves for the Caribbean again, she will probably add a few more bathing suits to this list, and a cotton dress or two.

Now, at some point in the early summer, Mrs. J. is very apt to go abroad—as are thousands of other American women; in her case, the excursion is generally combined with a business trip for her husband. Here she performs some of her most brilliant buying feats, none of which couldn't be duplicated by other women who have the time, energy, and interest that Mrs. J. brings to bear.

Although she adores Paris and generally spends some part of every trip there, she seldom buys any French originals in Paris. Instead, she buys made-to-order copies in another European city—which might be Rome or Geneva, Cannes or Madrid. In all these places, and there may be others, there are excellent dressmakers—couture houses, really—which have bought original French models; they have the *toile*, they have the original fabric, and they are prepared to make them for their own customers, or, presumably, for anybody else. Because of lower pay scales prevailing outside Paris, their prices are substantially lower than the original ones, and their workmanship, in Mrs. J.'s opinion, is excellent. ("Also, they're not nearly so temperamental about changing anything," she said.) Any woman you happen to know who dresses well, in any of these cities can steer you to one of these establishments. You do not get the Paris label in your dress or suit; you do get the dress or suit, made for you, substantially as the designer conceived it.

This summer, in Europe, Mrs. J. bought the following clothes. She expects years of enjoyment from all of them. "Everything's lined," she said, holding up the grey-and-white checked costume proudly, "and everything lasts. Look—you just can't wear out wool like that." *(Continued on page 205)*

French Fords
copied from
Balenciaga and
Givenchy

KAREN RADKAI



Take a lesson from Balenciaga and Givenchy is the burden of our refrain here. Both designers—long known for their spare, standaway shapes, pure of line and faintly architectural—showed in their autumn collections dresses simple enough to be American Fashion Naturals. Two of them, now copied in America, we show here as direct evidence of how these urbane and "daring" designers think women should look.

Far left: Givenchy's sleeveless, soft-topped sheath; ease of skirt managed by soft shirring at the waist. Fuchsia wool spiked by Tatiana's deep blue velvet toque. Dress, copied in America, $70. Both are at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Left: Balenciaga's nothing dress—navy-blue wool hanging straight from a yoke that stops just under the bosom; belted with a double lash of black ciré leather. Navy-blue and red jersey turban by Tatiana. Dress, copied in America, $65. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue.

All-winter fashions: the wool cape, the jersey costume

Left: The cape dashes on into the forward ranks of fashion right now: there's nothing Sherlock Holmes-y about the 1960 versions. Here, a very 1960 one of red and green plaid mohair and wool, wonderful in town over wool dresses or suits, in the country over flannels or knitteds. And—it has this in common with Sherlock's Inverness—it's a delight for traveling. In Leon Fabric; about $160. Grandoe gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Cape, also Hudson's, Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Palizzio.

Right: Three-piece costume with all the advantages, none of the possible drawbacks (i.e., bulkiness): it's made of supple green worsted crepe. The pleated skirt, easy overblouse, and cropped jacket fit together sleekly under foot in the sleet; on their own, in the south (also in most travel-plans). By Teal Traphagen, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat-fabric by Sally Victor.

KAREN RADKAI



"Now, Orson Welles,

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Hon. Patrick Campbell, whose books include* A Long Drink of Cold Water, An Irishman's Diary, *and* A Short Trot with a Cultured Mind *(Vogue published an excerpt from this, "Knees, Knees, and Sembridges," in the issue of October 1, 1956), is a tall Dubliner in his forties, heir to Lord Glenavy. For years he ran a famously amusing column in* The Irish Times, *is a contributor to* Punch *and to the London* Daily Express.

On the afternoon of December 23, 1959, Orson Welles, breaking his inflexible rule never to speak to the Press, gave me a world scoop in the form of an exclusive interview which lasted for more than six hours.

At the end of this time I knew nothing fresh about Mr. Welles—one of the most articulate, dynamic, and colourful figures in the world of entertainment—but, on the other hand, Mr. Welles emerged with an almost complete dossier on me.

No doubt other newspapermen like Winchell, Wilson, Lippmann, the Alsops, any one of whom would have given their eyeteeth for the same opportunity, will be tempted to deride so negative a result. As the business set itself up, however, I don't see how things could have gone any other way.

It started with my need to find something solid to write about, during Christmas week in Dublin, for a London newspaper—a chancy assignment in a city which becomes, in the more fashionable areas, almost entirely liquefied for the duration of the feast.

Marvellous things go on, of course, like the time when that well-known solicitor became unconscious in Jammet's bar at 11:15 on the morning of Christmas Eve, and we laid him out flat on the counter, with a bunch of lilies on his chest and altar candles a mile high at his head and feet, and come lunch time we were all so used to him being there we were lighting cigarettes off the candles as if the whole arrangement of the lying-in-state was only part of the furniture. Or that other time at Leopardstown races when a certain owner won the big Boxing Day chase, and he went galloping out of the unsaddling enclosure to lead in the horse and what with a bottle and a half of Jameson inside him and soft going under foot he went down between the horse's legs and got tangled up in the reins, marking the only time in history when the owner was led in by the winner.

But that kind of thing, I knew from previous experience, looks merely coarse when it appears in a newspaper, and anyway is liable to draw official denials from the Irish Tourist Board, the Catholic hierarchy, the Government Information Bureau, various temperance societies, and other powerful elements, all of whom can have an adverse effect upon local circulation.

Under these circumstances, it was good news that Mr. Orson Welles, a highly newsworthy character, was in residence at the Shelbourne Hotel, preparing a Shakespearean season at the Gaiety Theatre. It was nearly enough that Mr. Welles, far off his normal Rome-Paris-Madrid-Mogador axis, should be in Dublin at all, but there was also a strong rumour running up and down Grafton Street that he'd just rejected out of hand, on the grounds of cold, discomfort, and damp, the luxurious country seat of an Irish fertilizer manufacturer—a *pied-à-terre* which he'd rented in advance, sight unseen.

Everything looked set fair for a good, punchy interview, particularly as I myself would be back in London before it appeared. The Irish are very tender about criticism by foreigners of their social and cultural conditions, but I felt sure that Mr. Welles, on his own, would be a big enough man to deal with any unpopularity that might arise.

It occurred to me, then, that some of the local newspapermen might have had a go at him already, so I went down to the Pearl Bar, at the side door of the *Irish Times*, to see what kind of material they'd got, and whether it might be usable, after rewriting.

They hadn't got anything at all. In spite of having a Shakespearean season on his hands, and a theatre to fill, Mr. Welles—I learnt for the first time—was not now, or at any future date, giving any interviews of any kind. This had created an atmosphere of hostility.

"Who," a former colleague of mine wanted to know, "does that big bowsie think he is anyway, him and his Shakespearean season? Sure, we seen all that old stuff years ago." "Sittin' up there," complained another, "in the Shelbourne Hotel, lettin' on he's God Almighty. I hope it keeps fine for him, that's all."

There is—and I have to admit it now, because it had a bearing on later events—a fault to which many Irishmen are subject who have left their native shores. They tend to believe that those who remain behind do so not from choice, but because their natural idleness, incompetence, and addiction to drink render them totally unemployable in the outside world, and only just in their own.

While ordering the same again, I put this prejudice into words. "Because," I told them, "Orson Welles, an international ace of stage, television, and screen, doesn't feel like opening his yap to you bunch of gurriers doesn't mean he's entirely cut off from all communication with humankind. I've a good mind," I said, "to stroll up towards the Shelbourne and see if he'd take a gargle or two. He's the most interesting thing that's happened in this town in years."

Did I Tell You?"

BY PATRICK CAMPBELL

This was greeted, of course, with the usual reaction. "God love you," one of them said, "you're a great man." "If only," another one announced, "I was half as good as yourself I'd have been writin' books years ago." "It must be marvellous, all the same," said a third, "to be able to walk in on the Queen, or anyone like that, the way you do, and no bother at all."

It's always the same with the envious, provincial, Dublin mind. It can't wait to knock the man who's got out of the place, and is having a bit of success on the other side.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I'll be back here by seven o'clock with a story out of Orson Welles, and if I don't there's a ball of malt apiece in it for the lot of you."

Needless to say, it didn't make much impression on them. There's too many blowhards in Dublin, boozers laying bets of all shapes and sizes, for anyone to believe there'll ever be a settling up, but in fact, as I'd just remembered, I was probably on to a good thing. Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Boy Sheftel, were in town for Christmas, and they were intimate friends of Orson Welles. Furthermore, Geraldine, as a child, before she became a film star in Hollywood, stayed in our house so often that one day she had all her hair cut off short by my mother, who was being driven mad by combing the knots out of it morning, noon, and night. Old friends are the best, and I lost no time in putting the bite on them.

Mr. Sheftel in person answered the phone. At first, he was reluctant to ring Mr. Welles who, while dining with them the previous evening, had spoken at length about his distrust of and aversion to newspapers. After I'd promised, however—and I'd half a mind to skip the fertilizer's fiasco—that anything I wrote about Mr. Welles would be so favourable to him that his Shakespearean season would be jammed to the doors, Mr. Sheftel consented to see what he could do. He rang back almost immediately, with the first-class news that Orson would be delighted to see me at any time.

It would, perhaps, have been more practical to take a taxi up to the Shelbourne at once, but in fact I returned to the Pearl, knowing that the boys would like to hear of my good fortune. Telling them about it, and rubbing it in, and reminiscing about other interviews I'd achieved in the past with Lena Horne, the Cisco Kid, Mrs. Tommy Manville the Ninth, and other celebrities beyond their ken, occupied nearly an hour. They were well choked off by the time I left them, but I was riding high—almost too high, perhaps, for a newspaperman faced with a world scoop, but then I calculated that anything I got from Mr. Welles would be one hundred per cent more than anyone else had done for what appeared to be a considerable number of years.

I rang Mr. Welles from the hall-porter's desk. Apart from wrong numbers it was the shortest telephone conversation I'd had for some time. "Good morning," said the voice of Orson Welles. "I never give interviews to newspapermen. Goodbye." He replaced the receiver at his end.

It was like—though the simile did not present itself immediately—strolling in the cool of the evening into a beautiful rose garden, eyes closed in expectation of the heady perfumes, and receiving instead, straight between the eyes, after stepping on the prongs, a stunning blow from the handle of an unseen rake.

"Good*bye!*" The finality of the *envoi* left me bereft of my senses.

The hall-porter had a contribution to make. "I coulda told you," he said, "you hadn't a chance. He's not talkin' to the papers at all." I made some noncommittal reply, like I hoped it would keep fine for him, and wandered, still dazed, out into the street. Some minutes later I found myself in the saloon bar of Davy Byrnes, my thoughts, having dealt with Orson Welles and all he stood for, now turning with equal intensity to examine the personality of Mr. Sheftel.

If, for instance, he had been Irish, everything would have been all right. I would have accepted his earlier signed and sworn statement, that Orson Welles would be delighted to see me, at its face value—that is, zero—merely a small, accommodating fantasy to promote a momentary feeling of goodwill. But Sheftel was American, a representative of a nation the better elements in which prided themselves upon their homespun, pioneering, Puritan honesty—a nation, indeed, almost over-zealous in the punctilio of introduction, to the extent of repeating the names of strangers loudly and clearly, while shaking hands. What had the slob been playing at here?

I rang him up, to learn that he'd just left for golf, and that Mrs. Sheftel had gone out too.

I came off the stout and went on to Irish, and simultaneously fell in with a couple of local actors who, as soon as they learnt of my misfortune—and it didn't take me long to put them in full possession of the facts—revealed that they, too, had suffered meaningless persecution at the hands of Orson Welles. "Fifteen years," one of them said bitterly, "with the Rathmines Operatic and Dramatic Society, singin' all parts, and the louser wouldn't even look at me for the Duke of Burgundy."

Some time later we were washed across the road into the Baily, where we encountered a friend of the fertilizer magnate, whose residence had been condemned by the louser Welles. "Picasso's plasterin' the walls," this one cried, "and four bathrooms and it's not good enough for Rita Hayworth's fourth husband! Maybe we ought to ask the President to move out of the Vice-Regal Lodge!" *(Continued on page 198)*

Culotte
bowler

bowling naturals

BERT STERN

Skirt bowler



"Lanes, not alleys," we were corrected by one of the six million bowling women in the U.S. now. "These aren't still the dog days of bowling," she said, judging from recent reports of pastel balls, nurseries with baby sitters appended to bowling alleys—sorry, centres, bowls, or arenas—as well as swimming pools and patios. But what's more interesting than our friend's new bowling language is her improved figure. She's lithe as a whippet, and firm, partly because of the game, but more about that and some attractive people who bowl on the following pages. Here: clothes with a special sense for bowling, a rightness for any number of other situations.

Left: Green flannel culotte with a flare for bowling, the sweater, beige wool. Culotte of Arnel-and-rayon flannel, about $18; sweater, about $12; by Haymaker. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Sunflower-coloured short skirt of Moygashel linen with deep back and front pleat; white textured spun cotton blouse. Both by B. H. Wragge, skirt about $30, shirt about $18, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Bowling equipment here—shoes, balls, lanes—by Brunswick.

Bowling naturals

One of the best figure-taming sports going, bowling uses up more calories per minute than rowing or tennis, ranks second only to swimming. It keeps muscles in their place, firm and disciplined, especially those delinquents in the abdomen and buttocks, plus setting blood circulation on a vigorous rosy path through the body. Faster than some of the other figure-taming sports, bowling can be grasped in its bare fundamentals after about fifteen minutes of instruction, occasionally provided free in the bowls. To keep fit, also to relax, Barry Morell, a leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, sometimes bowls between morning and afternoon rehearsals. With him on the opposite page are bowling buffs of the Met and the New York City Center Ballet. *Left:* Three-piece light-grey wool flannel culotte suit that's well prepared to go to a number of places besides the bowls. Cardigan jacket not in photograph is trimmed in white. Culotte about $20, overblouse about $13, jacket about $20, all by Evan-Picone, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.



Grey-flannel bowler

BERT STERN

The follow-through, a graceful moment illustrated by Judith Green, a ballerina at City Center.
Photographs by De Morgoli taken at Phil's Bowling Corp



One of the Met greats, Roberta Peters is a rarity among bowlers, bowls left-handed.



Front view of Miss Green's follow-through, an important finishing factor in bowling.



Bob Chase, a bowling champ, instructing Miss Green.

Diana Adams, most ethereal of City Center's leading dancers, bowls simply to relax.



The Met's superb tenor, Barry Morell, a between-rehearsals bowler.



Francia Russel, one of the City Center Ballet's new soloists.



New ways to sparkle

Do-dress and don't-dress evenings—all will sparkle this year with these bright new jewel-ideas.
Left: Languorous new length for necklaces—waist-length. A triple fall of mock pearls, with a huge rhinestone centre drop; by Trifari. $105*. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.
Right: New high for pins—pinned directly to a small late-day hat. The pin, an enormous rhinestone flower; by Albert Weiss. About $15*. At Altman's; Hudson's.
Left, below: News here—the longer necklace; the silk bead. Two snaky lariats of pavé rhinestones (one $24*, one $32*); two of fuchsia silk beads, rhinestone rondelles (each, $16*). By Atelier Nina. Bergdorf Goodman.
Right, below: The mobile earring—rhinestone and emerald-green drops set in gilt metal. For *do*-dress evenings only. By De Nicola; about $15*. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. *PLUS TAX

Where the six o'clock life begins

ideas by way of Paris

Right: The sort of little-slip-of-a-dress Givenchy is famous for—a sleeveless sheath, for six o'clock to black-tie evenings. Original, sketched, in brown-and-black warp printed silk ottoman; copy, the same. About $45. *Far right:* Balenciaga's late-day (or dinner) charmer with V'd back, gathered skirt; the original, sketched, in red-and-black brocade; copy, in red silk brocade. About $50. *Both dresses, copied by Blauner for Bonwit Teller. Also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.*

E. Marcil

KAREN RADKAI





E. Marcil



Six o'clock beginnings *continued*

Four more proofs that the slip-of-a-dress can be fairly devastating. All are copies of French originals by Givenchy and Balenciaga; all, alluring.

Far left: Medium-bare dress for dinners, theatres—the original, here, in fuchsia-and-black printed ottoman; copy, in black rayon-and-cotton ribbed ottoman. About $35. *Second from left:* Sleeveless late-day and dinner dress with frisky bows at the back. Original, sketched, is of black mohair; copy, of black knitted wool. About $40. *Directly left:* Dress that might be the most-remembered at the cocktail party; a streak of blue silk serge, plunging at the back, with a cross-over sash. About $40. The original, sketched here, in blue matelassé. *Right:* Green rayon-and-silk brocade dress and jacket for after six; the dress has a camisole top. About $55. The original, here, in green damask. *All four dresses, copied by Blauner for Bonwit Teller; also at Hutzler's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.*



The exercise log

figure trimming by a Vogue editor in six fast weeks

Trying on almost anything before double-view fitting-room mirrors and under typical fitting-room lights, a woman is vulnerable; trying on bathing suits, she is vulnerablest. For the sheer accuracy of the revelations that unfold this way, I doubt that even stark naked can compare: the merest molehill of bulge becomes a mountain of certainty. And you needn't be overweight to answer this description; you can be thin as a bean. Happily, you can do something about it. What I did, after a final depressing fling with the bathing suits, the mirrors, and the fitting-room lights, was to make an appointment at Elizabeth Arden, whose exercise salon enjoys a reputation not only for efficiency, but for conservatism as well. I know women who plump strongly for the "gym" kind of salon, replete with monkey bars, trapezes, and headstands, and their figures are proof of the benefits to be derived from these acrobatics. However, even as a child, I was hopelessly inept at this sort of thing, and now, all these years later—Heavens! For me, anyway, the prospect of plain, unadorned, garden-variety exercise was a powerful lure.

Actually, I've always had a quite good figure. I say this at the risk of sounding immodest only to avoid a number of possible misunderstandings. This particularly: most women who exercise along with a classful of other women have figures ranging from not-bad-at-all to jolly good; women with really serious figure problems tend to be painfully shy about them, and almost always sign up for private instruction (where, I am told, they plug away far more industriously than the not-bad-at-alls or the jolly goods). What draws women with average figures to the average exercise class is usually nothing more dramatic than the realization that what was once average or better has slid into a somewhat less agreeable category. At least, none of the women I met during the course of this log appeared to have drastic figure revamping in mind; a return to the firmness and muscle tone of, say, three years ago, or three babies ago, seemed to be the general idea—and with it, of course, the easy conviction that they could be returned to. Although as classes progress, and measurements are recorded faithfully, it becomes increasingly difficult not to become obsessed with mere inches. Even half-inches and quarter-inches acquire tremendous significance, and I confess that the fluctuations of the tape measure—it fluctuated considerably in my case—provided most of the frustration and much of the pleasure of my own life among the exercise mats.

At Elizabeth Arden, classes are presided over by two capable-looking, charmingly put-together women. Miss Craig is medium-sized and blond. She has been plying her trade for twenty years, and her figure is, as you'd expect, firm and spare. Miss Weber, her assistant, is a tall dark young woman, and has what drama critics are fond of calling "coltish grace." Together—the one tall, the other shortish, and both of them trim as could be—Miss Craig and Miss Weber are an impressive team, full of the stuff that inspires confidence in other women.

In a foyer adjoining the exercise room, while Miss Weber *(Continued on page 207)*

Under-colours: new stretches of imagination

Lingerie colours that now go skin-deep—including brassières and girdles as well as slips—opening up greener pastures (or bluer, pinker, browner) in the way of possible colour combinations. Shown opposite, a lace-overcast brassière and girdle, both pale orchid; spread temptingly above them, three slip-colour choices: one that repeats the orchid colour, two that provide delicious contrast—rose-pink, a blue called (not unjustly) Serene Sky. Brassière, $6; girdle, $10. Rose-pink full-slip sprayed with lace, $17. Blue half-slip entirely overlaid in lace, $13. Orchid half-slip with scalloped lace, $6. Everything here by Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon; the slips, nylon tricot. All at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.

TONY YNOCENCIO

VOGUE PATTERNS



At night–
the long
dinner skirt

BLOUSE: VOGUE PATTERN 9810
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9786

For at-home evenings: two ravishing dinner skirts, two blouses, to make from Vogue Patterns in gala, evening-y fabrics—or in tweed or plaid wool. The news about the long dinner skirt is: it's more of a Ford than ever; it even appears, now, at little dinners in other people's houses. *Left:* Dinner skirt, Vogue Pattern 9786, with released pleats; a long, fringed sash (or stole). In white silk-and-rayon satin by William Skinner. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 9810, of black cotton and Avisco rayon velvet by Martin. Neckline and sleeves were embroidered by a Pfaff sewing machine. *Below:* Evening costume to be made as a blouse and skirt, or a one-piece dress; Vogue Pattern 5111, either way. Here, the blouse is of white pure silk chiffon—three layers of it—bound in black; the gathered skirt, of black pure silk ottoman; both fabrics by A.P. Silk. New pillow fabrics by Sidney Blumenthal, of Dynel and mohair. Shoes by I. Miller. *For details—other views, sizes, yardages—see page 76.*



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

VOGUE PATTERN 5111



Fur plans with spot-cash returns

Two of the bright spots on the fur-coat picture now (a while back, we might have called them the cat's pyjamas)—one jaguar, one wildcat, both medium-price fur investments with good fashion returns. *Left:* One of the newest cats around—tawny, bold-spotted jaguar in a double-breasted balmacaan coat with a small collar, straight lines that slope to fullness near the full-length hem. Coat of South American jaguar; $995*. Handbag by Milch; Jay Thorpe. *Right:* Wildcat operation here—a spotty polo coat with all the polo equipment of back belt, notched collar, flap pockets. Coat of Argentine sheared wildcat; $595*. Hats by Miss Dior; at Altman's. *Both fur coats are at Harold J. Rubin.*

*INCLUDING TAX



"The Best of

Just one year ago Vogue began "The Best of the Best," quick slices of a great variety of books, with the objective, delight and enticement; with the four slices on these two pages, the number of books goes to thirty-seven. Here, these new pleasures: Lesley Blanch's solid, voluptuous history of war in the Caucasus during the nineteenth century; Kyle Crichton's random monologue, all fun and names; T. H. White's sad, funny, beautifully detailed novel about what happened when the century turned; and the first novel, just published here, in C. P. Snow's eloquent cycle on English professionals.

In The Sabres of Paradise, ***Lesley Blanch has written an extraordinary history, like a thousand-layered cake, of the venomous, thirty-year, early nineteenth-century Murid Wars when the Russians in trying to colonize the Caucasus, that route to India on the Persian border, met fanatical resistance from the handsome, henna-bearded Shamyl the Avar, the Muslim leader of the tribesmen of Daghestan, who seemed one with their racing horses. Their primal enemy, the Tsar Nicholas I, had turned "his 'pewter stare' on the Caucasus with displeasure"; both sides indulged in rape, sadism, torture. In this book, published by Viking, Lesley Blanch has detoured seductively into the histories of Russia, Persia, Turkey, and the Caucasus, added to her battle scenes superb sketches of a dozen leaders on both sides, of their wives, mistresses, children, of the peasants in the villages, of the soldiers in the sodden garrisons of the Black and Caspian Seas, of the Muslims hiding in the bony, inaccessible mountain ledges.***

For the next ten years, Shamyl was to continue at the zenith of his powers, a magnificent and savage figure, dominating the Caucasus, straddling the mountain-passes like some giant. Yet, awesome as was his name, he never obtained that reputation for barbarism which surrounded some chieftains. . . .

To the Caucasians, cruelty was incidental, part of the price they paid to maintain those stern standards of justice and revenge, without which there was no honour. (And if there was no honour, there was no life, to a Caucasian.) Their history and legends always centre round these two themes, justice, vengeance. Cruelty, suffering, as a price, hardly counted.

The story of Kholchar is typical. Kholchar the Robber was the terror and pride of mediaeval Daghestan: at last he was captured by the Khan of the Avars, and condemned to be burned alive. At the stake, he asked one last favour, to sing his farewell song. His bonds were loosened and he was given a lute. But his last words, like his last deeds, avenged him as no sword could have done. He began to sing of his life—of the women he had widowed, the children he had orphaned, the virgins he had dishonoured . . . and these he called by name, so that they blushed beneath their veils and their fathers and brothers raged. "Ye virgins of Khounzakh who look down on me, through your lattices. . . . Now look your last. You will not forget me. I have kissed the white breast of each of you, my doxies, even as I have stolen the trousers of the Khan's favourite wife!" So saying, he tore a crimson sash from his waist and waved it in the faces of the crowd, who saw, indeed, that it was a silk pantaloon.

An opinionated, amusing man who might be high on any list of People-Who-Would-Be-Most-Fun-At-Lunch-On-A-Desert-Island, Kyle Crichton has spent the past several decades writing, editing, and meeting Carole Lombard, William Faulkner, D. H. Lawrence, Huey Long, Senator Borah, and other lively people. In his book, **Total Recoil,** ***he gathers from those decades almost everything but wool. Published by Doubleday,*** **Total Recoil** ***includes among other small delights an account of an interview with Henry Ford. ("One day Mr. Ford looked at his watch significantly. 'I was a watchmaker by trade,' he said. . . . He seemed to feel that it called for corroboration, for he suddenly leaped up . . . loped off down the corridor, and after a few minutes returned with his hands full of watches.") Here, this memory of Damon Runyon.***

Runyon was a deceptive fellow. He kept up his daily column for the Hearst papers; he turned out his scripts for the movies and superintended their shooting. He took off at intervals to cover the world series or a big prize fight. Yet nobody ever saw him hurried, and nobody ever saw him lift a finger to a typewriter. Friends wondered about it, they questioned him about it; Runyon merely turned his sad, uninterested countenance toward them and said nothing.

Runyon never claimed credit for inventing gin rummy, but he took full advantage of the fact that people thought he had. He made up his own constitution and bylaws as he went along. One of his habits was to shuffle among the discard and take a preliminary peek at the deck. At outraged cries of protest, he merely said in a quiet, definite way that seemed to settle everything:

"Florida rules."

The visitors at his bungalow used to astound me. One day a big gorilla with murderous eyes and a scar on his cheek was just leaving as I came in.

the Best" QUICK TASTES OF THE NEW BOOKS

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Wonderful fellow," said Damon enthusiastically. "Killed his wife, three children, AND his mother-in-law . . . with an ax."

He paused reverently.

"You got to go with a guy like that," he concluded in a soft, solemn voice. . . .

I once put in a question that had long interested me.

"Damon," I said, "in those years when you had your own stable and ran your own horses, how much did you lose?"

"Everything," said Damon.

A small, strong novel, full of, but unclouded by, a kind of pressed-violets-and-news-clips nostalgia, **Farewell Victoria** ***by T. H. White is about the end of an era, that of Queen Victoria, and the way civilization was torn from a world of individuals into a world of the State.*** **Farewell Victoria** ***is history, albeit impressionist history; it remains a novel by virtue of such fine, full portraits as one of a wild country wife who warms her husband with bacon-and-potato stew the night before she runs away. Published by Putnam,*** **Farewell Victoria** ***has a quiet wit rising from a clean, superbly controlled style. Here, T. H. White, whose*** **The Once and Future King** ***is the skeleton of the musical*** **Camelot,** ***on the tootle of Edwardianism. The "she" in the first sentence of the passage below, refers to Queen Victoria, dead at eighty-one, in 1901.***

She died on January 22nd, and the first blow was struck. After a decent interval, after an interval of sincere regret, the audience breathed again, began to talk. The lights shone; the curtain rose upon the Harlequinade, leaving nothing but disjointed memories. The old conventions were dubbed oppressive (after such endless European peace everybody was glad of a revolution, even if only a social one), the old scandals and order and family feeling (the result of that Victorian home) were relegated to the past. Everything went, along with those amazing Hampstead hats of the 'nineties; hats which amounted almost to a peasant costume.

Edwardianism rose in their place. It came, like the Harlequinade, with a crash. The King tootled on his horn, the motors rushed the stage. Here were the colonial magnates in their comic dresses, and with their still more comic ideas. There were the hostesses talking feverishly in unknown tongues, giving Italian endings to the simplest Saxon words. Slang arrived, in the lower as well as in the upper classes. "Not 'out for chocolates," they said; "just had grapes." And "Honest Injun," they added, qualifying the assurance with the admission: "I don't think." Dogs became fashionable in a bewildering succession; fox terrier, pomeranian, bulldog, they followed one another with rapidity. They scarcely had time to have puppies. Their owners began to move also, faster and faster. The pulse of the new century took a measure from the tappets of the King's Daimler. The toff swiftly became a k'nut.

Meanwhile, the old cabs, with their runners behind, made ready to give way. They, and the horse-drawn omnibus, and Sherlock Holmes, made ready to retreat before the advancing rabble; to fade, to dim, to vanish in the fog. The fog itself, in sympathy, ceased to be a pure pea-soup.

In **Strangers and Brothers,** ***the first of the snowfall of C. P. Snow novels—seven others have been published in this country—Sir Charles introduces some of the characters whom he developed further in the later books. Here, emotional, less clipped, but stirring up intellectual and moral dilemmas,*** **Strangers and Brothers,** ***published by Scribners, has as its central figure George Passant, a young law clerk in a small English city in the nineteen twenties and early thirties. George thinks of himself as an idealist, a fighter for causes, but, in time, he manages to bring himself down until he stands trial for fraud. The fascinations of the Snow technique are clear in this book. Max Beerbohm once answered Henry James when he asked, "What's it about?" referring to Arnold Bennett's*** **Old Wives' Tale,** ***". . . it's about the passing of time, about the stealthy merging of youth into age, the invisibility of the traps in our own characters into which we walk, unwary, unknowing. What's it all about!" In a way that is what the Snow book is about, except that there are moments when George Passant is not quite unknowing. In this passage, explaining Passant, the speaker is Eden, a partner in the law firm into which George would like to buy, and Morcom is Passant's somewhat hostile friend, come to plead George's cause.***

"I know you can say that's a matter for the man himself. It's no one else's business how he lives. He's a grown man, he's free to choose his own friends and his own pleasures. If he wants to spend his spare time with these young men and girls he collects together, no one's going to stop him. But" —Eden shook his head—"they've got to be remembered when you're thinking of his position here. I mightn't mind—except that they take up too much of his time; but the great majority of our clients would. And it's very hard to blame them. When you see a man night after night sitting in cafés with hordes of young girls, and you haven't much doubt that he's pretty loose-living all round; when you hear him laying down the law on every topic under heaven, telling everyone how to run the world: when above all you find him making an officious nuisance of himself in matters that don't concern him, like that affair of Calvert's: then you have to be an unusually tolerant man"—Eden leaned back and smiled—"to feel very happy when you pay the firm a visit and find he's your family solicitor."

"Particularly if he insists on telling you that you ought to follow his example," Morcom said. "And that you ought to bring your daughter just to show there's no ill-feeling."

EVEN FOR NON-SKIERS,

good Vermont ski places

Ski places are not just for skiers. Non-skiers go for the bright mountain air, the blue skies rinsed with sun, a snow tan, comfortable lodgings, long nights for sleeping, as well as the close-by pleasures of village visiting, of sometimes going to a museum or the movies.

Sugarbush

Sugarbush Valley, known on weekends as Mascara Mountain, draws attractive people who fan out from the ski-base, Valley House, to the various inns and housekeeping apartments, all an easy snow-walk away.

The year-old Sugarbush Inn of white clapboard, shuttered in green with a startling, corner columned entrance on the bias, stands guard like an elegant barrack, on the last strip of road to the slopes. The grey-green marble floors of the inn take thawing boots; the bar outside the dining room has high chairs instead of bar stools to keep ski pants from bagging at the knees; in the big cellar bar, the gentle lights from sap buckets soothe the eyes after snow glare. Everywhere, big field-stone fireplaces. The bedrooms have sun-yellow bedspreads, good closet space, and mountain views. (Number 25 is a lovely corner room.) For a double room with breakfast and dinner, about $15 a day for one person. For each person sharing a bunk room for four, $11, with two meals. Note to women: the only hairdresser about is at the Sugarbush Inn.

A few yards away on a snowbank, the Schuss-Busch Chalet, which looks like the letter A, has six housekeeping arrangements, like baby lodges, each with its own entrance. For setting up house, guests bring groceries with their ski paraphernalia and luggage. A lodge for four people costs $35 a day on Fridays and Saturdays; on weekdays, and on Sunday nights, $20.50. (This includes maid-service.)

The amusing after-dinner spot, Orsini's, in a weathered Vermont barn, has six crystal chandeliers, red banquettes, and canned dance music.

The Inferno, a lodge which looks like two decks of playing cards, is managed by the same group who ran Talisman, the beach colony on Fire Island this past summer. The Inferno, using the Talisman colours, bright and light blues, hunter green and brown, has a new sheltered sun deck. Two persons in a double room, $30 with a light breakfast thrown in.

At the ski-base, Valley House, painted bright yellow inside with windows for walls, the Wunderbar serves *pizzas, fondu,* steaks; looks out on the new, double chair-lift. A year-round spectacle, the gay gondolas float up and down the mountain on the non-stop aerial chain with cogs of yellow, red, blue, and grey. On the four-thousand-foot peak, the Gable, a warming station, smells of hot coffee, serves stews and chili; at noon, its broad sun decks are as crowded as a beach on a summer Sunday. Far below, the white valleys, like wishbones, turn an angry red just before the Vermont sun fades.

Some New Yorkers go the two hundred and eighty-eight miles to the Valley on the Sugarbus, which leaves every Friday at five from Rockefeller Plaza; leaves from Sugarbush at five on Sundays. On this bus, arranged like a European train, a white-coated steward serves dinner—with wine. Sugarbus makes its first round trip over the New Year weekend; its last, sometime in April, depending upon the ski conditions. For reservations: the telephone number is PLaza 5-7600; ask for Sugarbus.

Mad River

Eleven miles further north, there is the quiet ski community of Mad River Glen where skiers live in their own chalets, while ski-club members use club-lodges. At this ski base, to the right of the black iron gate with the Mad River insignia (a stylized snowflake and fir tree tip) stands the A-building of the New York Amateur Ski Club, its sides, striped in light blue, the front of floor-to-ceiling windows hung with blue draperies, a permanent patch of bright sky. Roland Palmedo, Honorary President of the club, and author of *Ski New Horizons,* lives in his chalet there, finds Mad River a logical address in winter. Other clubs include the Hartford Ski Club and the Williams College Outing Club. Important dates this season: the Annual Mad River Glen Family tournament, March 4, 1961; the New England Kandahar, March 26.

In addition to the restaurant and cafeterias at the Basebox there is the snack bar, Stark's Nest, on the mountain top, named after General John Stark who said at the Battle of Bennington: "We beat them today, or Molly Stark's a widow." *(Continued on page 214)*

Harvest supper in Austria: when the hunters come home →

Overlooking both the sheltered swath of the Pinzgau Valley and the Alpine frontier between Austria and Italy stands the mediaeval Schloss Mittersill, owned for centuries by the Archbishops of Salzburg. Since 1936, Mittersill has been a club where Americans and Europeans go to shoot and to fish. They also go, incidentally but happily, to eat. This harvest buffet, set out on the terrace, is based partly on game shot by the members, partly on the extravagant care taken by the Mittersill chef, Karl Kassar. To the right of the beautifully frangible cake, with its pale-and-paler-pink whipped cream flowers, is a rolled *schinken,* or ham, with tomatoes; to the left, a saddle of roebuck. The big platter holds a duck, skewered with oranges and more tomatoes; the plate beyond, a small roast of *hirsch,* or venison. On the balustrade, along with the bottle of *enzian schnapps* (made from the roots of gentians), are some of the grapes that grow near the Schloss, plus a basket of snipe and hare, and a chamois-horn candelabra like those in the Tyrolean hunting lodge of Maximilian II, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Beyond lies the valley in harvest. More about Austrian food—and Mittersill—on page 191.

HORST

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



Illustrated: Papillon, a Chapman selection for Covington. PPG manufactures the yarn only, not the fabric. Photo: Jacques Simson/Pagano

Ceil Chapman makes the fashion difference in PPG Fiber Glass Designer/Drapery Fabrics

Fashion authority! Only PPG features fiber glass fabrics selected for their special chic by famous fashion designer Ceil Chapman. Now, high-style draperies can give your home a fashion personality as individual as your own. Wall and window treatments with imagination and long-lasting charm can be yours—and with practical fiber glass that is so easy to wash, never needs ironing, never stretches or shrinks. See Ceil Chapman's handpicked fashions in fabulous PPG Fiber Glass at John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; M. O'Niel Co., Akron; E. W. Edwards & Son, Syracuse; and other leading stores; or at your interior decorator's soon. *PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., Fiber Glass Division, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.*

THE BEST FOOD OF AUSTRIA

How it's done there, how to do it here

Delicate in flavour and long on pleasure, the best Austrian food is an elaboration of a few simple leitmotifs: delicious native game, superb fresh-water fish, and something verging upon love in the kitchen. What's here are recipes—for hors d'oeuvres, fish, game, and desserts—from two of the best kitchens in Austria: that at the inn, Goldener Hirsch, in Salzburg, and that at the club, Schloss Mittersill, deep in the hunting country.

The point of most cooking at Mittersill is, of course, game shot by the members and their guests. On the tables (see page 189), there are apt to be baskets of game, just as there were during the Middle Ages, simply to be admired.

Along the clear, cold streams tumbling around Mittersill, there is fishing for trout through the summer, and for Arctic grayling late into the fall. Karl Kassar, the Mittersill chef, does both trout and grayling *au bleu*, a method outlined among the recipes here. Through the fall months, there is good hunting for roebuck, chamois, deer, and stag; for Austrian hare, and for pheasant, partridge, and snipe. Mr. Kassar sometimes simply grills the snipe—skewering them three inches from glowing coals and basting them with melted butter as they turn; sometimes he serves them in a salmi sauce, cooking down the head and wings, and then squeezing in the blood of the birds.

A place with a cheerful, low-ceilinged, pale-walled dining room, the Goldener Hirsch in Salzburg has been an inn for the past five hundred of its eight hundred years. The tables are covered with heavy linen cloths; the waiters wear grey Styrian suits, and the food is marvellous: delicate, chilly hors d'oeuvres, delicious fish and game, and such lovely fluffs of dessert as a chocolate mint soufflé or the famous *Salzburger nockerl*. Here, eight recipes from the Goldener Hirsch—six for hors d'oeuvres, two for desserts—and several from the Schloss Mittersill.

Six hors d'oeuvres from the Goldener Hirsch:

CHICKEN IN ORANGE SHELLS

3 whole oranges
2 cups of cooked chicken, finely diced
¾ cup mayonnaise
Juice and grated rind of 1 orange
Salt and pepper
Parsley

Combine the chicken, the mayonnaise, the orange juice, and the grated orange rind, adding salt and pepper to taste.

Cut the oranges in even halves, removing a thin slice from each bottom so that the shells will sit properly. Remove the pulp, leaving the inside of each shell clean and white. Fill with the chicken mixture and decorate with orange sections and a little sprig of parsley. Chill before serving.

CUCUMBER CASES

6 three-inch pieces of cucumber
½ cup spinach, cooked and chopped fine
1 shallot, minced
⅓ cup of mayonnaise
2 tablespoons sour cream
Salt and fresh-ground pepper
A few drops of lemon juice
1 egg yolk, hard-boiled and sieved

Peel and cut the cucumber into three-inch pieces. Do not use the ends; they are often spongy and slightly bitter. Scoop out the seeds from one end of each cucumber piece, leaving the other end closed to form a little case. Immerse in cold water with a few cubes of ice to crisp.

Mix the finely-chopped and well-drained spinach with the minced shallot, mayonnaise, sour cream, salt, pepper, and a few

(Continued on page 202)

RAY PORTER

TO THE HOUSE:

100 PRESENTS

(some for as little as 100 pennies)





1. Corinthian columns for candles, sterling silver by Gorham, $195* a pair. Black, Starr & Gorham.
2. Guest towels with a fringe at the bottom, white stripe on pastel, by Martex, $3.50 for 4. Altman's.
3. *Cachepot* with its own *pot*; white French pottery pot, white pottery basket, $7.50. Saks Fifth Avenue.
4. To fold some Grade A eggs into, a cast aluminum omelette pan, 35" round, $4.50. Bloomingdale's.
5. Glass decanters from France, circa 1860-1895. From a collection, $6 to $13. Bloomingdale's.
6. Stainless steel with new table ways; 3-piece setting, $10.73*. Georg Jensen.
7. Wooden helpers: tweezer to grasp, but not bite, toast and asparagus, leather-looped doorstop, each $1. The Elder Craftsmen Shop.
8. Hanging telephone memo pad with magnetic pencil, stirrup for phone, $4. Hammacher Schlemmer.
9. For a collector, an antique pewter ash tray, $4.50. Bloomingdale's.
10. Soup for one, or a sweetmeat box: small porcelain tureen from Hungary, greens on white, $15. John Mayer.
11. Red cowhide menu-marketing book with strayproof pencil, $11. Mark Cross.
12. In Austrian "jade," a cigarette cup-ash tray team, $10.50 each. Georg Jensen.
13. Scaled for the table, a blue and white fish casserole, $33.50. Bonwit Teller.
14. Copper to set on fire, or a wall: covered fry pan, $32.50. Bonniers.
15. To help a good cook be good: four measuring cups with wicker-wrapped handles, plus tools, $6.50. Stark Valla.
16. Sterling silver trophy bowl, 9" wide; by International, $74.25*. Altman's.
17. From Italy, fake fruit, pure blue and green, makes a cover for a white pottery compote, $20. Henri Bendel.
18. From France, a green liqueur bottle, $8. Long-legged glasses to pour the contents into, $2 each. Bloomingdale's.
19. A dozen pretty uses, a dozen inches high. White alabaster table, a beauty indoors and out, $25. Martin Freeman.
20. Italian pottery cabbages, permanently basketed, $10. W & J Sloane.
21. Pistol-handled English silver-plated steak knives; set of 8, $36.30*. Bergdorf Goodman.
22. Paperweight *amandine*; Italian china nuts, $5. Bonwit Teller.
23. Sheffield silver coasters, or butter dishes, 6 for $12.50*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
24. Sterling silver silo to hold king-sized smoker fodder, $55*. Tiffany.
25. Lustre, in a tea plate, pinks on white. $15 for six. Henri Bendel.
26. Pencil-indulging memo box with a brush to keep pencils clean and upright, a built-in sharpener to keep them pointed, $10. By Eaton, at Henri Bendel.
27. Sterling silver shells from Italian shores, $15* each. Tiffany.
28. Bowl to hold punch, flowers, ice. By Libbey, a clear buy, under $1. At Altman's.
29. For ready words, a red leather Webster, $37.50. Black, Starr & Gorham.
30. Silver-plated wine cooler, $41.25*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
31. Bottle-faking wax candles, $5 each. Henri Bendel.
32. From Italy, a roast-sized white pottery platter, $5. Bonwit Teller.
33. To pour it on thick, silver-plated syrup set by Oneida, $11*. Stern's.
34. Sterling silver candlesticks, copy of a design that arrived on the Mayflower; by Tuttle, $57.50*. Plummer's.

*TAX INCLUDED

MORE ON THE NEXT 4 PAGES...

TOM YEE



TO THE HOUSE: 100 PRESENTS *continued*

35. The onion pattern, copied from an old Meissen design, in a blue and white china bowl, $11.50. Tiffany.

36. Chunky crystal decanter by Baccarat, stoppered in sterling silver; $70*. Georg Jensen.

37. Alabaster box with 8 sides and a brilliant blue colour that looks like vibrant lapis lazuli, $16. Stark Valla.

38. A triple play of silver-plate: three connected candlesticks, $35.50*. By Christofle, at Neiman-Marcus.

39. French tureen, blue and ecru, holds soup for *deux*, $9, Bonwit Teller.

40. Wicker glass and bottle porter, 32" high, comes with 2 wood shelves and a bottom divided for bottles, $20. Henri Bendel.

41. Pretty bubble of glass, 13" high, a vase to admire even when it's unoccupied, $15. Tiffany.

42. Album of coasters: 8 small plastic records to go under the glasses of hi-fi *aficionados*, $5. Bergdorf Goodman.

43. A weighty silver-plated snail to stay put on papers, $8.80*. Henri Bendel.

44. Time with a circle around it, brass-trimmed, a new version of the old ball clock. By Sheffield, about $18*. Best & Co.

45. Sterling silver frames for small important photographs; about 2" square, $4*; about 3", $5*; 3" x 4", $6*. By Towle, at Altman's.

46. Hop-proof rabbit, blue and white pottery, for sauces or bouillon, $5.50. Bonwit Teller.

47. Daisy of an ash tray, grown in Rome, pale yellow pottery with a sepia centre, $9. Leigh Hammond.

48. Swirler with stirrer: sterling silver Martini set, $83.50*. Cartier.

49. Peacock-blue glass bottles, different sizes and shapes from an Italian collection, about $4 to $10. Bonniers.

50. Red lacquer trays, edged with bamboo, $4.25 and $6.50. Bonniers.

51. For spicy contents, gaily coloured canisters by Fornasetti of Milan. $6 each. Bloomingdale's.

52. Fluted glass decanter, lead crystal, $85. Tiffany.

53. A party tosser: myrtle-wood salad bowl, 16 inches across, $35. Mark Cross.

54. Candlestick with a lean and elegant manner; all crystal, $12. Tiffany.

55. A Swedish glass pitcher threesome, ½-pt., 1-pt., 2-pt., sized to handle almost any pouring situation, $10. Saks Fifth Avenue.

56. Porcelain boat, pink and green, an Italian copy of an old English pattern, for candies, sauce, or ashes, $7.50. Bergdorf Goodman.

57. A fish that is a frog; brass, bronze, or copper, $6.50. Shibui Shop.

58. Silver-plated centrepiece that comes in three parts (two petal bowls and a frog), each of which can stand on its own; by Reed & Barton, $25*. Altman's.

59. Pair of pot-clutchers, bright blue and black, one a mitt, both with a clip that attaches to an apron or a belt, $2 the set. Altman's.

60. To put the squeeze on elegantly, silver-plated juicer, $11*. Henri Bendel.

61. For growing things, maybe herbs: eight brass pots and their own wood and brass stand, 25" high, $30. Bergdorf Goodman.

62. Squarely handled, silver-plated ice bucket, with tongs, $22*. Henri Bendel.

63. Domesticated for paperweights: a sterling silver frog, $30*, cat, $30*, and owl, $32*. Tiffany.

64. For a house where *café filtre* is the *café* in favour, a white French Limoges pot that makes just that, $9.50. Bloomingdale's.

65. Made in Italy, a flowered pot for a flowerpot, $20. W & J Sloane.

66. Italian stainless steel barbecue tools: 4-pronged fork and a spear, $11.75. East House.

67. Sterling silver tea strainer, $18*. Cartier.

68. Sterling silver grape shears, $20.50*. Cartier.

*TAX INCLUDED

TOM YEE


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TO THE HOUSE: 100 PRESENTS *continued*

69. Indian brass and wood grain measures. No grain to measure? Use them for flowerpots. $7.50 and $11.25. Far Eastern Fabrics.
70. To cool drinks and keep them cool without diluting them, a pitcher with an ice well; silver-plated handle and top, $20.35*. Bonwit Teller.
71. A pair of bisque cockatoos, with eyes for each other, $13. Bergdorf Goodman.
72. Waterford cut glass pattern, etched into a clear plastic waste basket, $34. Hammacher Schlemmer.
73. "Pouff," the furry hunting pink throw quilt, plush-stuffed with Dacron, $50. By Princeton, at Lord & Taylor.
74. Three for a man's bathroom, in sepia and white pottery: cigarette box and ash tray, $5; soap box, $5.50. Henri Bendel.
75. Sterling silver salt and pepper, the salt lined in cobalt blue glass, $27.50*. By Towle, at Altman's.
76. Partridge in Lalique, a satin-y lead crystal; $23. Black, Starr & Gorham.
77. French Limoges cigarette box, brown and white, copy of one from another day, $23.50. Bonwit Teller.
78. For some long, lanky candles, two short, squat English crystal candlesticks, $12 a pair. Bergdorf Goodman.
79. "Danube," white embroidery on white percale by Wamsutta; a single sheet and pillowcase, $13.55. McCutcheon's.
80. Sea grass *cochepots*, metal-lined, $12 a set of 3. W & J Sloane.
81. Pottery set for berries, with sugar and creamer, and a pottery basket, $25. Stark Valla.
82. Sterling silver platter, 13" wide, after a colonial design by John Coburn, $96.25*. By International, at Altman's.
83. Marble go-round: an Italian white Lazy Susan, $15. Bergdorf Goodman.
84. & **85.** Black and white French breakfast set; crescent (84) and flat plates, $3.50 each; cup and saucer (85), $4. Bloomingdale's.
86. White pottery coffee heater, wooden handled, $6.50. Serendipity.
87. Wooden candlesticks, hand-carved walnut or cherry; 6", $2.50; 7", $2.75; 11", $4. America House.
88. Candy dish, latticed and leafed in the eighteenth-century manner. By Mottahedeh, $35. Henri Bendel.
89. Greek cow bell rings a mellow note with its aged copper colour; $1 to $4, according to size. Bonniers.
90. White Limoges cup and saucer, *café au lait* size, $7.50. Bonniers.
91. & **92.** Trompe-l'œil straw from Italy: a yellow pottery plate, $6.50, a yellow pottery box, $11. Alice Marks.
93. Sterling silver rectangle for cigarettes; holds two packs, $37.50*. Black, Starr & Gorham.
94. Good place to put your dimes: into this sterling silver bank, $12.50*. Tiffany.
95. Silver-plated jigger for a heavy pouring hand; 4-oz. one side, 6-oz. the other, $9.90*. Saks Fifth Avenue.
96. White onyx bowl, $7.50. Phoenix-Pan American Shop.
97. Box in black and white French newspaper design, for king-size cigarettes or two decks of cards, $11. Saks Fifth Avenue.
98. "The America," red and white (or blue and white) fringed bedspread from Fieldcrest's "Early American" collection; of Acrilan and rayon, $35. Altman's.
99. Everything to hang by the kitchen sink; wall plaque with seven good tools on it, each with a Swedish stainless steel working end, $19.50. Bonniers.
100. "Ladyfingers" tool kit, a handsome collection of new-look tools, in a case that includes tilt-out trays and other work-speeding conveniences, $20. Hammacher Schlemmer. *TAX INCLUDED


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YOUNGER...



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...made with the whole egg.
An effective blandishment
against wrinkles...moisturizes while you slumber...
make-up base, too!
$3.75 and $6.50

Estée Lauder
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ORSON WELLES

(Continued from page 171)

There was an interruption to the theme in Jammet's, where we found a bookmaker trying on a pale-blue négligé, in doubts about its being the right colour for his wife, but in the Buttery, round the corner in Dawson street, Welles was back on the griddle again, the fires being stoked this time by a big lump of a poet from Galway, who'd been swept in by the Christmas tide. He was taking *Citizen Kane* apart, scene by scene, although I was perfectly certain without, like himself, having seen either film, that most of them came from *The Magnificent Ambersons*. I said so, while he was still at it.

"Well, holy God!," he cried—"isn't it all the same thing?" To avoid any possible entanglement with facts he suddenly launched out into a disembowelment of Welles's approaching concept of Falstaff, a treat to be presented in some four weeks' time.

I became very angry. I stopped him. "That's just like Dublin!," I roared. "Just to show you're as good a man as he is you'd chop the giblets out of Willie Shakespeare himself. It's envy that drove out Jimmy Joyce and Sean O'Casey and all the rest of them. I can tell you, you're lucky to have Orson Welles in this slum of provincial prejudice at all. It'll make a nice change, anyway, from the Abbey Theatre and yet another powerful drama—all in Civil Service Irish—about whether Chrissie, the priest's niece, should marry the octogenarian John Joe Hanratty, with the seven head of cattle and his own bicycle, or pave her way to hell by shacking up with young Milo Burke, who has the mark of the Beast on him because he's in line for a good job in Liverpool!"

"And when," said the poet, "when was a renegade West Briton like yourself last in the Abbey Theatre? Tell me that. I can tell you right here and now that the Abbey Theatre's done more for the cause of Irish drama than Orson Welles and Willie Shakespeare put together, collaboratin' twelve hours a day...."

But I'd had enough. "You're all talk," I told the poet, "talk and derision. That's all Dublin's good for. At least Orson Welles is *doing* something, and I'm going right up now to the Shelbourne Hotel to shake him by the hand—"

"Ask him to do a few conjuring tricks while he's at it," the poet bawled after me. "I hear he's a dab hand at that!"

An outside observer might have been surprised to learn, after our earlier telephone call, that I now believed myself to be in a position to shake Orson Welles by the hand, but then outside observers never understand the Irish—even the West British Irish—way with words. I didn't actually mean I was going to shake Orson Welles by the hand. In the circumstances that would have been presumption. I merely meant that I was going to write him a note telling him that all non-provincial, cosmopolitan Irishmen of good will—they probably amounted to about seven, in addition to myself—were right behind him in his gallant attempt to bring some kind of culture to this peasant, ignorance-ridden city, and to wish him the best of luck in an unfortunately hopeless enterprise.

As I walked in through the swing doors of the Shelbourne, Orson Welles stepped out of the elevator, directly facing me, and looking twice as large as any recent photographs had led me to expect.

I abandoned, instantly, my intention to write him a note. I sprang forward and grasped him by the hand. "Mr. Welles," I said, "it's a privilege and a pleasure to meet you at last. Come and have a drink. I promise you there will be no attempt at an interview of any kind."

Mr. Welles, a true and cultured cosmopolitan, accepted the new situation with sophisticated composure. We moved into the new bar leading off the entrance lounge. Seeing that Mr. Welles was drinking brandy, I ordered the same for myself. Then, by way of opening the conversation, I asked him if it was true about the fertilizer manufacturer's house—and perceived a second later that this was treachery, in view of my promise about no interview.

"Don't speak," I urged him. "Don't say anything. I apologize."

Mr. Welles began, I think, to make some demurrer, but I forestalled him. "I wouldn't do you down," I said. "We're just having a little chat, and that's the end of it." I sought to find a neutral subject. "It's a well-known fact," I said, "that the Irish aristocracy lives in a state of general shambles. It reminds me of that great night up beyond in Luggala."

Mr. Welles, obviously relieved that I was going to abide by my word, showed interest. "What happened?" he wanted to know.

A lot of other people in the bar were watching us, deeply envious, of course, the way they always are when one of their own is seen to be on equal terms with a celebrity. I let Mr. Welles have the partially remembered facts in full.

"Lady X was giving a grand ball," I said, ordering more brandy, "and this madman of a painter—I forget his name—took exception to the fact that he hadn't been asked, so what does he do only drive up to Luggala. As he comes in through the gates he sees the big marquee down below him on the lawn, and the thought of the Protestant aristocracy inside, dancing about to extracts from *Guys and Dolls*, makes him madder than ever, so he puts his foot down on the accelerator and he's doing about forty miles an hour when he goes clean through one side of the marquee and out through the other leaving, as you might imagine, the Protestant aristocracy in a state of fairly wild surmise. But he's not satisfied yet.

"He reverses the yoke in the flowerbeds the other side and comes back again like the hammers of hell, making two new holes in the marquee and getting his windscreen covered with trifle, so that he finishes up in the lake. I wasn't there in person," I told Orson Welles, "but they do say that the only guest to suffer injury was Lady X's social secretary, and she only got a small bruise on the hip."

Orson Welles laughed out loud. We were going really easy. To avoid any possibility of an interview re-establishing itself, with its concomitant embarrassment, I decided to tell him another one. "It happened just after the war," I said. "Sean T. O'Kelly was the President, and he decided to open the Horse Show in style by driving into the jumping enclosure in an open barouche drawn by four horses—just like the Windsor Greys, the usual republican aping of a hated foreign monarchy.

"In the way of postillions they got hold of a bunch of retired jockeys out of the Army and dressed them up as the Blue Hussars. Ivor Novello would have given his back teeth for the uniforms. Well, anyway, the whole equipage comes bowling into the

jumping enclosure as if the Blue Hussars were riding a close finish up the straight at the Phoenix Park, with Sean T. sitting there in his top hat and Mrs. O'Kelly there beside him in electric blue, and what happens? Only a wheel falls off the carriage, right there in the middle of the enclosure, before they've even got round the first bend. All hell let loose, of course, with the Blue Hussars belting the tripes out of the horses and the barouche skidding about all over the place and Sean T. holding on to his top hat until at last it comes to rest with the horses knitted into the traces and the barouche lying over on its side.

"With notable *savoir-faire*, under the circumstances, Sean T. hands out Mrs. O'Kelly and then the two of them start across the wet grass of the jumping enclosure over to where Dev himself is waiting to receive them in the previously Royal Box, holding his black Homburg over his heart in the General Salute. And do you know what I'm going to tell you? There must have been twenty thousand people watching, among them a whole load of the British horsy upper crust, and there wasn't one cheep of laughter out of anyone, marking the greatest mass demonstration of good manners that's been seen in the world before or since."

Orson Welles laughed again. "It's a great country, all right," he said. It struck me, then, that he was absolutely correct. All my earlier objections to Ireland seemed to be merely petulant, and of no worth. I even warmed to the other Dubliners in the bar. In a curious way, having the ear of Orson Welles, I felt myself to be their representative, and that it was up to me to show him what we could do. I told him about the Christmas Eve, when the I.R.A. came to burn down our house, and my mother made them carry all the presents out onto the lawn. He liked that one, so I told him about the favourite for the Irish Greyhound Derby, and how it was taken ill the night before the race, in the Dolphin Hotel, and how we put it to bed in a double room, with the pillows behind its head, and every doctor and vet in Dublin round the bedside. "The animal," I said, "passed away about midnight. The wake lasted for the next two days, with poets and all making up songs about the great races it had won, and a school of poker going on in the passage outside, because there was no room for them to get in."

This reminded me of the Boxing Day 'chase at Leopardstown, and winner leading in the owner, and I was about to tell him about it when, over his shoulder, I saw a very pretty, dark-haired girl in the hall, and she looked as if she'd been waiting there for quite some time.

It turned out to be Mrs. Orson Welles, and that she had in fact been waiting, since I'd intercepted her husband more than an hour ago, for us to terminate our conversation so that he could take her to the bank—an expedition, she announced with perceptible edginess, of which she'd now despaired, seeing that it was shut.

I couldn't have asked for anything more. At that moment, the pleasure of being a Dubliner, born and bred, became almost insupportable. "Have no fear, me lovely woman," I told Mrs. Orson Welles—the lump of a poet from Galway could not have been more lyrically Irish—"sure, the best bankin' facilities in the whole of the Indivisible Republic is yours for the askin'. You wouldn't get the like, I can tell you, in Rome, Paris, or Madrid. This is the greatest and freest city in the world, where a lovely woman's whim is as good as the law. We'll just have a few more scoops," I told Mrs. Orson Welles, "and then we'll go and call on me da, who's practically the king of the Bank of Ireland. He'll give you all the bankin' you want, and more—"

That's how we got into the Deputy-Governor's office about an hour later, via the Baily, the Buttery, and Davy Byrnes—a detour suggested by myself so that they might taste the full flavour of cosmopolitan Dublin. During this interval I told Mrs. Welles, who hadn't yet heard it, about my mother and the I.R.A., and then filled them both in—seeing that they were about to meet him—with scenes from my father's early life, including his association with D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, and Bernard Shaw.

Orson probably benefited from this, because while we were in the Deputy-Governor's office—hospitality cupboard opened up and a big box of cigars on the desk—he and the da got into a long discussion about—I think—Ibsen, but I didn't catch much of it because I was busy at the time telling Mrs. Welles about the wheel falling off Sean T.'s barouche.

When we left the Bank in the end there was a crowd about

(Continued on page 214)

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Metal Oval Urn on Pedestal expressing the highest Georgian-Adam Taste with compatible refinement in the husk, the mouldings, the finger-piece, and the handles. This is a truly classical piece. 41½ inches to top of shade. $100.00 (slightly higher West and South). Completely descriptive literature upon request addressed to The Stiffel Co., Chicago 10, Ill.



WITH PENN AND CAMERA

BY ALLENE TALMEY

In *Moments Preserved*, Irving Penn has put into one big book, meant to be looked at and to be read, his remarkably special photographs, each clearly placed on the page with its own fresh caption. (His collaborator in the writing was Rosemary Blackmon.) The photographs, some in colour, some in beautiful blacks and clean, luminous white, have a curious compulsion, an extraordinary beauty. They are not shockers. These photographs are originals that came fresh as newly-cut grapes from his creative mind. Frequently what Penn does pure, his followers corrupt. The portraits, for instance, composed only on the ground glass, and never cropped (Penn may come sharply up on the face, cutting off the top of the head, working for tension in the rectangle) become through the cameras of lesser men a form of unattractive pore analysis.

A slender, strong-featured man of forty-three, Penn has no pronounced idiosyncrasies. He wears no beanie for good luck. Instead he often wears a fresh, tieless shirt, newly-ironed blue jeans in a studio that is orderly, disciplined, quiet, and somewhat like an operating room. He sees the subject—Kay Kendall, Cousteau, Sophia Loren, a girl in a burnoose—clearly. His mind is incisive, stubborn, determined, and sometimes superbly flexible. (In 1947, however, on a round-the-world flight for Vogue, he persisted in wandering off, like most photographers, to graveyards, magnetized by the ravishments of fallen tombstones.)

A pioneer in the early use of the telephoto lens, he began in 1948 with tender, romantic photographs of fishing scenes on the Seine, of more French landscapes with extraordinary broken colour, of furiously riding Moroccan horsemen. For those horsemen he used the principles of Delacroix, but for the Seine those of Seurat. He achieved universality and immediacy, a difficult, agreeable combination. When photographing landscapes, he treats them as though they were old, loved women with wrinkles, needing care for their essential qualities to break through.

For Penn's own qualities to come through, he does not require such delicacy. Nor does he get it. In his time he has been bashed around. Readers sometimes protested at what they called the brutality of his work, the too-defined clarity. Some of the celebrities he photographed wanted retouching; neither they nor the landscapes received it.

He is as sensitive as a hay-fever patient to the climate that a subject brings to the studio. At non-fashion sittings he depends upon the editor in charge to keep the celebrity interested, amused if possible, to ask good questions in order to get vivid answers that will give the eyes expression. Penn says little beyond, "Yes, yes, yes, *good*." At those times he may seem a bit anonymous. There is no flutter in the place, no gimmicks, no push by the photographer to impress.

In fact, no one at all shows any temperament, for Penn is obviously a man in control of the situation. He concentrates on eliminating distractions from the face and body of the person in front of the camera. Although the camera goes on clicking, he waits until a flame flies out of the frame. For if the subject and the photographer have the strength and the patience, something marvellous happens. To some, a few of his photographs might seem both cruel and revealing. They are not an objective truth but a reflection of the way the person seemed *that* day. Although a sitting with Penn is rather like taking truth serum, the disclosures are the subject's truth, not Penn's.

To get at that varying truth in his early portrait work, he used

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a number of devices, most of them artificial means to box in the celebrities, and to protect Penn against his own shyness, his own fears. In those days he used famous people as though they were props. To prevent their manoeuvrability he sometimes stood them in corners; Noel Coward, the Duchess of Windsor, thirty or so more. Later he placed each celebrity on the floor, resting against a box covered with a strip of carpet. Even later he invited them to sit on a small kitchen chair in back of a table covered with grey cloth. He finally relaxed when he found himself doing a series of group portraits, including one of twenty-one Broadway producers. Pushed into position like building blocks, they loved the way he organized their chaos.

In Penn's work there are eleven or so interlocking periods. They began in 1943 when at twenty-six, he gave up painting forever after a year of effort in Mexico. In a blaze of self-understanding, realizing that he had only a small painting talent, he destroyed a year's work in a unique gesture: he dumped the lot in the bathtub, washed off the paint, dried the fine linen canvases and now he and his wife, the exquisite Lisa Fonssagrives, sometimes use them for tablecloths. (The Penns, with their son Tom and their daughter Mia, live part of the time in a bright apartment in New York, part of the time on a Long Island farm, raising Merino sheep.)

In that one Mexican moment of insight, Penn escaped from the trap of mediocrity. Unfortunately, once escaped, he did not know what to do with his freedom. The war was on and the United States Army had turned him down. Although he had some reputation as a young wonder among a few art directors, it was pretty limited. Soon an artists' representative took him on, taking around some Penn drawings, some snapshots of fruit, and of wall graffiti to the magazines. When Alexander Liberman, then the new art director of Vogue, saw those vivid samples, he invited Penn to join the staff, particularly to suggest ideas for Vogue covers. After a few ideas had been rejected by various Vogue photographers who quite naturally preferred to think out their own covers, Liberman asked Penn to photograph one of his own ideas. In the Vogue studio, with a borrowed camera, Penn set up his first cover, the first of many—a still life with a big brown leather bag, a beige scarf and gloves, plus lemons and oranges and an enormous topaz. Vogue published the cover on October 1, 1943.

About a year or so later, after a variety of sittings, he began the revolutionary series, Portraits with Symbols. The first portrait was that of Fredric March, stiff and stern with The Bill of Rights, a high-buttoned shoe beside a yellow pear, a meccano set and a bottle of champagne. (Ten years later an advertiser came to Penn with several of these Portraits in hand to ask him to do the same for some of their advertisements. He did not do them.) At the same time there began a number of tender still-life portraits of food, of wines, even of clothes.

During the early war years the austerity of the Penn fashion photographs had a new, if harsh, look. In time, they helped destroy a kind of fashion photograph—the whole school of thin girls against French panelling, with a hundred dollars worth of drooping roses and tulips on a convoluted table. Although he abominated the charming sitting, he had not yet come up with his later visions of beauty. Instead of trying for a true portrait of the dress or of the girl, he eventually found a third lovely reality that comes out of the other two, much the way his brother, Arthur Penn, takes play and cast, and directs them into something not seen before.

Towards the end of 1944, Penn stopped professional photography to join the American Field Service on ambulance duty with the British Army in Italy and India. On his return to Vogue after the war, there began the long brilliant non-symbolic portraits of the great Judge Learned Hand, Augustus John, Colette, John Marin, Picasso, and hundreds more, a group that curiously matched his long, strong series of unknowns, men in the small trades —plumbers, chauffeurs, waiters, and dozens more—in New York, London, and Paris.

During these wildly fertile years he produced such famous colour photographs as the one in which three wines, a pink, a red, and a white, all sparkling, are being poured, simultaneously, into three crystal glasses. The December, 1953, issue of Vogue called it a keepsake, published it for pleasure and beauty. (It is reproduced, small, on page 156.) Since then, it has also been published in various guises for profit in adver-

(Continued on page 202)



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MEIER & FRANK, PORTLAND, ORE.

AUSTRIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 191)

drops of lemon juice. Dry the cucumber cases and fill with the spinach mixture. Decorate with sieved egg yolk. Chill.

SALMON CORNUCOPIAS

6 slices smoked salmon
½ cup fresh horse-radish, grated
or
½ jar prepared horse-radish
½ cup heavy cream
A little freshly grated pepper
Salt for the fresh horse-radish
1 lemon
2 teaspoons chopped parsley

Whip the cream and mix with the fresh horse-radish. Season with salt and pepper. (If prepared horse-radish is used, drain it well and do not use salt except to taste.)

Place 2 heaping tablespoons of this mixture on one end of each salmon slice and roll into a cornucopia shape. If the slices are very wide, fold them in half on their width. Slice the lemon into 6 thin rounds and place a salmon cornucopia on each slice. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the open end of each cornucopia, and chill well.

POACHED EGGS WITH SAUCE VERTE

6 eggs
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ bunch water cress
1 handful spinach leaves
6 sprigs of parsley
½ teaspoon dry tarragon
½ teaspoon chervil
1 cup of mayonnaise
Small jar pickled mushrooms
½ package gelatine
1 cup chicken consommé

Poach the eggs in simmering salted water to which has been added a tablespoon of good vinegar. When the whites are quite firm, remove the eggs from the water with a slotted spoon, and place them to drain and cool on a folded napkin.

Immerse the water cress, spinach, parsley, tarragon, and chervil in a little boiling water for a few minutes to bring out the bright green colour. Drain well, pressing out the water from the spinach. Place both this mixture and the mayonnaise in a blender at high speed for a few seconds—just long enough to pulverize the greens.

Trim the eggs neatly, and coat them well with the green mayonnaise. Garnish with a whole or sliced pickled mushroom. Then dissolve the gelatine in the chicken consommé and heat until melted. Cool the aspic, and use some of it to coat the eggs. Chill the eggs, and pour the rest of the aspic half-an-inch deep in a dish. When the aspic has set, cut it up and place around the eggs.

ASPARAGUS HORS D'OEUVRE

1 can small white green-tipped asparagus
6 firm tomato slices
½ cup French dressing
6 stuffed olives

Have 3 or 4 stalks of asparagus for each slice of tomato. Trim the stalks to fit the tomato slices, and then marinate them in the French dressing for an hour. Arrange them on the tomato slices, and decorate each with slices of stuffed olive.

EGGS TYROLIENNE

6 artichoke hearts
½ cup French dressing
6 eggs
½ cup thick mayonnaise
3 tablespoons tomato paste
½ package gelatine
1 cup chicken consommé
1 large black truffle

Marinate the artichoke

WITH PENN AND CAMERA

(Continued from page 201)

tisements for beer, wines, and soft drinks, its popularity only equalled in advertising offices by the colour photograph (published in Vogue's July, 1954, issue) of a long crystal glass into which soda is being poured. On the side, eleven pellets of saccharine and a lemon.

Now with his drives more powerful than ever, with all his routes leading to his own Rond-Point, Penn is at the height of his skill. Everything—including his photographs for major advertisements—is in the grand manner. What Penn sees turns into photographs that burn on the page.



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hearts in the French dressing while preparing the rest of the ingredients.

Boil the eggs six minutes and plunge them into cold water to stop them from cooking further. Peel them immediately, taking care not to break them, and then cool them completely. Meanwhile, combine the mayonnaise and tomato paste—using more tomato paste, if necessary, to obtain a rich red colour. Dissolve the gelatine in the chicken consommé, and heat it until the gelatine is melted. Cool it completely. When this aspic is cold but still liquid, add a quarter cup to the red mayonnaise. Coat the eggs with this mixture. Place an egg on each artichoke heart and arrange the hearts on a platter, adding more mayonnaise until the eggs are well covered. Place a slice of truffle on each egg and coat with the chicken aspic. Pour the rest of the aspic half-an-inch deep into a dish. When jelled, cut into pieces and arrange around the eggs. Serve very cold.

Two desserts from the Goldener Hirsch:

CHOCOLATE MINT SOUFFLÉ

3 squares (3 ounces) bitter chocolate
3 tablespoons hot water
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
The grated rind of 1 lemon
Dash of salt
4 egg yolks
2½ teaspoons peppermint extract
6 egg whites

Melt the chocolate slowly, with the hot water, in a double boiler over just simmering water. (If the chocolate coagulates, a few drops of boiling water will help dissolve it—but be careful. Only a few drops.)

Meanwhile, mix the flour in a little of the cold milk until smooth. Add the remaining milk, and cook in a saucepan, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add the sugar, stir until melted, and add the butter and lemon rind. Beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon-coloured; add a dash of salt, and then add the yolks to the sauce, along with the peppermint and melted chocolate. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold—carefully but thoroughly—⅓ of the whites into the cool chocolate mixture. Pour this mixture into the remaining egg white and fold again until well mixed. (It does not matter if bits of white show.)

Pour into a 1½ quart soufflé dish which has been buttered and sugared. Bake for 35 minutes in an oven preheated to 375°. Serve immediately—possibly with a bowl of whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with lemon rind.

SALZBURGER NOCKERL

(For four or five)

8 eggs
⅓ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Pinch of salt

Preheat the oven to 450°. Have all the ingredients at room temperature except the milk.

Separate the egg yolks from the whites, making sure that no yolk falls into the white. Cream the butter and sugar together. Beat the yolks until light and thick, and then add the butter-sugar mixture, as well as 1 tablespoon of the flour. Mix well.

Add the pinch of salt to the whites and beat until very stiff, nearly dry. Dust with the last tablespoon of flour, and add the yolk mixture. Fold together well but gently.

Pour the boiling milk, flavoured with the vanilla, into a deep oval oven dish. With a very large kitchen spoon make large dumplings and pile into the dish in three distinct, high mounds. Bake for 5 minutes, or until golden. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Vanilla Sauce:

2 cups light cream
2 inch-long pieces vanilla bean
or
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
4 egg yolks
4 tablespoons sugar
Pinch of salt

Scald the cream with the vanilla bean (if the bean is used) in the top part of a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks until light. Add the pinch of salt and the sugar. Pour a little of the hot cream into the eggs, stirring briskly, and pour this mixture back into the remaining cream. Cook over just simmering water, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon, until mixture just coats the spoon. Pour into a bowl. Add vanilla extract now if vanilla bean is not available. Serve warm with the *Salzburger nockerl.*

(Continued on page 204)

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AUSTRIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 203)

Three recipes from the Schloss Mittersill:

TRUITES AU BLEU

(For six)

6 live trout (about 6 ounces each)
Court-bouillon:
1 sliced onion
2 shallots
Sprigs of parsley
Bay leaf
Thyme
5 peppercorns
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup white vinegar
Enough water to cover fish
Melted butter or vinaigrette sauce

Bring all the *court-bouillon* ingredients to a boil and simmer until the vegetables are cooked. Ten minutes before they are to be eaten, remove the live trout—their being alive is the important part of this recipe—from the water, stun them by a blow on the head, clean them immediately and plunge them into the boiling *court-bouillon.* The trout will instantly curl up and split their skins. Cooking them for 6-8 minutes should be quite enough.

Drain the trout, and serve with parsley on a folded napkin. Pass a sauce boat of melted butter to pour over the fish, or, if the trout are served cold, serve with a vinaigrette sauce.

Vinaigrette sauce:
Mix together—
1 minced onion or 3 minced shallots
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped fine
2 teaspoons fresh chervil, chopped fine
1 tablespoon chopped capers
1 teaspoon salt
Freshly-ground pepper
¼ cup white wine vinegar
Then stir in—
¾ cup olive oil

ROAST PARTRIDGE WITH RED CABBAGE

(For six)

3 partridges
6 tablespoons butter
1 large red cabbage
2 onions
3 apples
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¾ cup red wine
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar
Salt and pepper
¼ teaspoon powdered cloves
Bouillon for basting

Wipe the cleaned birds, inside and out, with a damp cloth, then season the birds inside and out with salt and pepper. Melt half the butter in a large frying pan, and brown the birds until golden all over.

Meanwhile, shred the red cabbage, chop the onions, and peel, core, and chop the apples. Sauté the onion and apples in the remaining butter over a very low flame. Parboil the shredded cabbage in boiling salted water until half done—about 8 or 10 minutes. Mix the cabbage with the onion-and-apple mixture, and then add the brown sugar, the wine, the wine vinegar, salt and pepper, and the powdered cloves.

Place the cabbage mixture in an oven casserole; place the birds on the cabbage. Cover and bake for 40 minutes, in an oven preheated to 375°. During the baking, baste with bouillon.

Note: This recipe may be used for pheasant. If wild pheasant are used, count on 1 bird for every 2 people; because tame birds have more tender legs, a tame male will feed 4, a tame female 3.

ROAST SADDLE OF HARE

(For four)

1 saddle of hare (with the back legs)
Marinade (if wanted)
Unsalted pork fat for larding
Melted butter for basting
Salt and pepper
A little white wine
A little bouillon

If the hare is to be marinated, use the marinade given in the venison recipe—leaving out the juniper berries, and using only half the wine and half the olive oil. The hare should be marinated 3-4 hours.

Preheat the oven to 400°. Lard the saddle with pork-fat strips, and roast for 25 minutes. Halfway through, baste the hare with melted butter and season with salt and pepper. When the hare is done, deglaze the pan with a little white wine and bouillon and pour over the hare. (*Note:* Although hare in this country will serve only 4, European hares are larger, and a saddle there serves 6.) With the hare, serve this sharp sauce.

Sharp sauce:
Liver and blood of the hare
2 tablespoons cognac
1 small chopped onion
2 slices smoked ham
Burgundy wine and olive oil (strained from the marinade, if there was one)
½ cup red wine vinegar
½ clove garlic, minced

(Continued on page 212)



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ONE WOMAN'S CLOTHES MONEY

(Continued from page 165)

The list follows:

One creamy-beige lace short evening dress, a Givenchy design, with a brown satin sash belt treated to look like kidskin; $200. One cherry-red silk evening costume by Galitzine, consisting of narrow pants and a long, braid-bound overtop; $135. One grey-and-white hound's-tooth checked wool dress and jacket (the Givenchy original was in black); $200, for which Mrs. J. also had a gathered skirt made to wear with the jacket. One Capucci green dress and jacket of heavy linen, the jacket lined with paler green (almost chartreuse); $150. One white Italian sweater-jacket with brass buttons, $45 (she is having the brass buttons changed to mock-pearl ones so it can also be worn in the evening). Two pairs of silk shantung pants, one ditto overtop; total, $115.

One beige Givenchy day dress of lineny silk (or silky linen), the original model, bought at the end of the season; $50. (It had red buttons, but Mrs. J. had them changed to twisty, crocheted beige ones.) One long white Balmain summer evening dress and jacket of basket-weave silky cotton, the dress top and jacket heavily embroidered with silver-and-gold threads and rhinestones; $200. (This beauty was actually in Balmain's collection last year; Mrs. J. has had her eye on it ever since, and finally tracked it down this year in Rome, at a Price.)

Two very short, flouncy-skirted, bare-topped short evening dresses—Dior designs—one in yellow, orange, and gold printed mousseline de soie with a great asymmetrical stole, one in bright royal-blue and orange printed chiffon; $200 apiece. One Capucci evening costume with a long, mole-grey velvet skirt, a curving, egg-shaped, sleeveless top of silver lamé; $200. One soft beige camel's-hair coat, buttonless, with a sash belt; $100. One black silk-and-linen blouse, a Balenciaga design, sleeveless, with a bow on one shoulder; $35. One cable-knit cardigan sweater in dark navy blue; $25. Four pairs of Roman sandals, made to order, one with gilt chains; $100. Total: $1,955.

As you will see, the total American purchases plus the total European purchases add up to $3,060, the grand total for the year (give or take a few bathing suits, cotton pull-overs, and what-not). But the recent acquisitions, as we mentioned in the beginning, don't in themselves constitute a full wardrobe; they represent fresh blood in an already existing wardrobe of good clothes that has been carefully built up over the years. Mrs. J. already owns, for example, three other excellent wool suits with plenty of mileage left in them: a black Balenciaga, bought in 1957 (the new black Balenciaga blouse was bought to give this a shot in the arm); a beige-and-white checked Dior suit, bought the same year; a raspberry-red Balenciaga suit of even earlier vintage. She has a total of nine wool dresses, two with jackets, the rest without; two of her favourites are a pair of knitted dresses with overblouse tops and dropped turtle-y necklines, bought at an end-of-season sale in New York two years ago for $45 apiece. They are identical in every respect except that one is brown with black flecks, one navy blue with black flecks.

Her four new short evening dresses supplement five she already owns; one is black crêpe, strapless, with a very low back that has a narrow binding of black velvet. It is by an American designer, was bought in New York at least five years ago, and has been worn so much that the velvet binding is beginning to look shabby. Mrs. J. is thinking of having this replaced, because she can't bear to part with the dress—"It has such a marvellous shape, and it fits so beautifully." Asked if she was hard to fit, she said, "*Everybody* is hard to fit properly."

Her non-new long evening dresses, and some of them are very non-new indeed, total six; one rather Grecian one of sea-green chiffon, with long trailing panels, is six years old, and is still adored, although the way it's constructed is so complicated that "the cleaner always gets all the pieces mixed up." She has about a dozen dresses of cotton or silk shantung that aren't new but are still good; although these are technically summer dresses, she often wears silk shantung in the winter, too. She has three versions of one simple silk shantung dress—one black, one pale blue, and one geranium pink; they're about two years old and were bought in New York for about $50 apiece. She sometimes wears the pale-blue one in the

(Continued on page 206)



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YOU ARE THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL

ONE WOMAN'S CLOTHES MONEY

(Continued from page 205)

evening, with sapphire clips and brown satin slippers.

We could go on to enumerate the total numbers, and ages, of everything in her wardrobe—shoes, sweaters, blouses, handbags, and so forth. In many categories, it might not add up to many more than most women possess; in others, it might be more. Everything is beloved, and everything fits somewhere into the total picture. She has a total of six coats, which includes silk and cotton coats for evening or summer, and of which only one (the polo coat) is new; but she owns around seventy pairs of shoes. This count includes sneakers, faded canvas espadrilles, and a pair of made-to-order walking shoes that are twelve years old.

One reason for their longevity—as for the staying-power of many things in Mrs. J.'s wardrobe—is unflagging maintenance. Shoes are polished after every wearing; woollens are sponged, brushed, and steamed; everything is aired before being put away. "If I had only two rooms to live in, one of them would be a good pressing room," she said not long ago. "Cleanliness is the greatest luxury." The transparent plastic hanging bags in her closets are extra long, so the hems of the evening dresses don't have to fold over. And her two new Dior short evening dresses are carefully hung upside-down, so the tucked-under poufs of skirt won't flatten out.

Her daytime skirts are worn in an unvarying length, or shortness—just to the point where the calf curves in under the knee—and have been for years, so there's no problem of jacking hemlines up and down every season or so. Having long ago decided what kind of underwear, stockings, and gloves she likes—the underwear almost always black or white, the gloves kidskin, just below-elbow, and with unstitched backs, the stockings of a certain sheerness—she orders these things over the telephone from a New York shop two or three times a year, in dozen or half-dozen lots.

Shortcuts like this give her more time to spend on details that really interest her, such as belts. This year, she studied the construction of Balenciaga's rolled tubular kidskin belt with the ends tucked in; she is now able to duplicate it by altering a $4 kidskin belt from a New York shop, which she buys in various colours. The right belt, in her opinion, can often "make an old plain dress look good," or make an inexpensive copy of a good dress look like the original.

One of her greatest natural assets is her size, an unchanging ten, which often enables her to walk into an original French model—the sample, used for copying—at a knockdown end-of-season price. She maintains her 123-pound weight by a careful, though not fanatical attention to her diet, which is long on skimmed milk, salads, fruit, and other nonfattening foods ("I can't afford to gain a pound").

Another asset is her country-city life, which is actually more country than city. She looks well in pants, finds them practical for the country, and wears them a lot, which has the happy side-effect of taking the strain off her "good" clothes. One of her favourite country getups in all but the coldest weather is a pair of tapered khaki pants (they cost about $5 a pair, and she has six pairs), plus a boy's blue cotton sweatshirt (she has four or five of these, each representing an investment of about $2). Both are scrupulously clean—and it's typical of her vigilant eye for detail that she stitches down the pants pockets to give a smoother line.

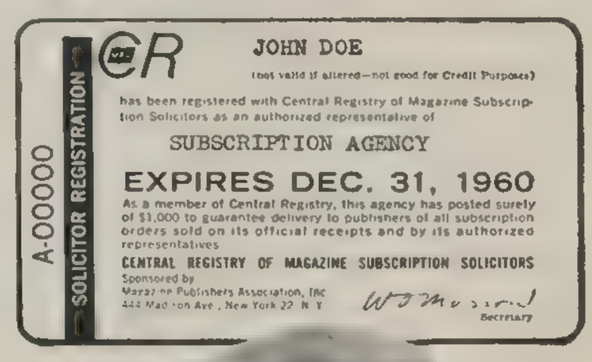
Expensive clothes, she thinks, are not so much a mark of luxury as a sensible investment—if only because they're generally way ahead of their time, in line, colour, or both; and she deliberately chooses rather extreme fashions for this reason. (There are other reasons, of course—such as that she adores them, and wears them superbly.) This year's really far-out dress may well be the Ford of two or three years hence—whereas this year's Ford, bought *this* year, may pall fatally soon. She was dying for a gold lamé theatre suit last year, but resisted it because she didn't think its fashion-life expectancy was long enough. If her clothes weren't prophetic to start with, she could never keep them, and wear them, as long as she does. She freely admits to being a hoarder. Of one "ancient" purple cashmere sweater, she remarked fondly, "I just don't know when I *haven't* had this sweater."

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THE EXERCISE LOG

(Continued from page 181)

hovered nearby, I explained my problems to Miss Craig: my waist, though fairly small, wasn't nearly as small as it had been; slyly, my stomach had shaped itself into a cunning little pot-effect; and above that, what I remembered as firm and tapering now drooped listlessly. In about a month, I told Miss Craig, I planned to be capering around the beach in the skimpiest little maillots—but not, I hoped, with my present figure. What I wanted was nothing I hadn't had before—just my own best figure, and I wanted it on the double. Miss Craig said we'll see, directed me to a spanking little dressing room, and handed me an exercise suit.

If I had a single lingering doubt about the need for salon exercise, this suit—a shapeless, bright-blue cotton tank suit—wiped it away instantly. (Miss Craig and Miss Weber, by the way, wear long covering black leotards with adorable little wisps of skirts tied around the waist.) Shrouding myself gratefully in an enormous starchy white wrapper, I picked my way back to Miss Craig and Miss Weber, and all three of us proceeded to the exercise room.

Like most such rooms, this one is big, light, underheated, and —except for a scattering of exercise mats—uncarpeted. Its most striking feature is a great wall of mirror which scrupulously reflects the evil days your figure has fallen upon, as well as your inability to perform the simplest routines.

Before this mirror, we got down to business. First, a brief health-check, then the tape measure; these are the statistics that Miss Craig called out relentlessly to Miss Weber who, in turn, recorded them on a large yellow card:

Upper arms—9½″
Chest—32½″

This is the area just under the arms and includes the upper back; over-the-bra roll is what it's called when it's excessive, which mine wasn't particularly.

Bust—34″
Waist—24″

"Well," said Miss Craig, "a ten-inch difference between bust and waist is considered really quite good."

Wanting a more pronounced difference, she implied, indicated a touch of greediness on my part. Besides, getting good average measurements down to better than average is a much trickier job than whittling away a real spare tire.

Abdomen—30″

"Ah hah," Miss Craig said, "we've really got something here." I allowed that we really did, and felt rather foolishly pleased at having revived her flagging interest. She thought we might easily jettison two or three inches.

Upper hip—32″
Lower hip—35″
Top thigh—19″
Mid thigh—16″
Knee—13¼″
Calf—12¼″
Ankle—7¾″

"You've nice legs; I noticed them when you came in," Miss Craig said and, before I had a chance to enjoy it, snatched back the compliment: "You stand knock-kneed, though, which makes you look bow-legged." This was not, she said, by any means irremediable; it was only a small part of the overall posture slump I had got into over the years. Together we would tackle the problem, and on my own I was to "think knees out."

Posture was something I hadn't thought about since gym classes at school, where one was constantly being reminded to "stand erect, shoulders back, chest forward." And it's wrong. Just how wrong Miss Craig and Miss Weber now demonstrated—standing profile to the mirror so that I might see for myself how easy and supple they looked. Between them, in my own extravagant version of good posture, I looked rather like a small girl in dancing class—all pushed out in front, bristling behind, tense and sway-backed.

Proper posture at Elizabeth Arden is, if not everything, very close to it. All of the exercises are based on it, and even if a single inch were never lost, a figure is instantly better for having mastered it. It's not, incidentally, referred to as posture. Al-

(Continued on page 208)



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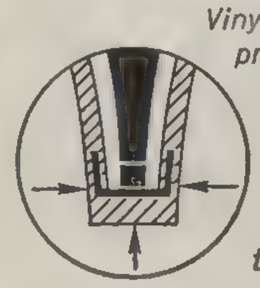
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THE EXERCISE LOG

(Continued from page 207)

ways quick with a euphemism—abdomen for stomach, and so forth—Miss Craig handily supplied the Arden posture word: tuck-in.

This is a tuck-in: Stand with legs slightly apart, knees relaxed and turned out; tip pelvis forward and up; tuck in buttocks; pull stomach in and lift ribs; shoulders should be lined up with one's ears and, like the bosom, should be held naturally and easily.

Getting it all right at once is almost impossible; for one thing, most women, in the effort of concentration, simply stop breathing. But, beat the tuck-in and the world is your oyster. Both instructors are dogged on this point.

We wound up this preliminary session with plans for six weeks of hour-long classes—and a chilling exchange of promises: Miss Craig was reasonably sure that she could deliver the results I wanted in four weeks but only on the condition that I, on days not spent at the salon, exercised for a half-hour at home. It took me no time at all to figure that non-salon days would come to five out of seven. I was horrified, Miss Craig adamant: Two days of exercise will do nicely for the woman who will settle for a sense of well-being, or for the woman who merely wants to keep the status quo, but if measureable results are what you want out of exercise, seven days are what you put in. Miserably, I agreed.

FIRST WEEK

Session 1: Miss Weber who, it turned out, supervises the general classes, greeted me pleasantly, gave me key to dressing room 12, also exercise suit with size 44 label. Pooh-poohed my fears that I would be a droll sight in this garment.

Swam into exercise suit. Exceedingly droll. Huddled myself in the big wrapper, put on paper scuffs, and shuffled off to class.

Just one other client—somewhat doleful-eyed little woman in her fifties with almost pure-white hair, who preferred the bare floor to an exercise mat because "you can really feel things happening down there." I headed straight for the biggest, thickest-looking mat.

Session started ten sharp: Miss Weber flicked on a portable phonograph, and led us through series of flat-on-your-back routines. Some familiar, some undreamed of. Pace throughout, brisk beyond belief and complicated further by fact that left and right were becoming strangely muddled in my mind. Last ten minutes spent vertically—for which, thank Heaven: any standing exercise is easier than any lying-down exercise.

Left for showers on legs that seemed made of jelly. Back on Fifth Avenue, and jelly legs notwithstanding, I felt really extraordinarily good.

Euphoria of Session 1 evaporated early the following morning, giving way to acute case of Charley horse. Stifled urge to cancel Session 2, and exercised as promised. The theory that more exercise is the cure for too much or too sudden exercise proved moderately sound.

Session 2. Presumably Miss Weber sensed my disillusion: in dressing room 12 was exercise suit only two sizes larger than my own size.

The doleful-eyed woman was back again. And a newcomer: tall young woman, mid-thirties, with good legs and an attractive smile. Only one of us who seemed absolutely clear about left and right. Doleful-eyed woman went completely to pieces; my own sense of direction, hopelessly snarled.

All in all, an unsatisfying hour; muscles were, after all, still quite cranky, feet cramped up twice, tuck-ins worst in class.

Chatted with Miss Weber afterward. Soreness and foot-cramps, she said, were simply the wages of a sedentary life, and would soon disappear. Questioned her on several other points: ought one to wear a bra while exercising, for example. I'd once read that it was unwise not to. At Elizabeth Arden, word is that it doesn't matter one way or the other; one's own comfort is what counts. Nor did it matter that I'd been exercising practically on the heels of breakfast. What did matter, though, was exercising at home—doing the routines at all not easy; doing them from memory, impossible. Miss Weber promised to put them on paper, and mail them to me.

SECOND WEEK

Session 3. Hour whizzed by, full of little successes, such as being able to tuck-in and breathe simultaneously. Must admit that working at home seems to keep one in condition for the main event.

Weighed in at end of session: 110—about five pounds over my ideal weight. Miss Weber gave me Elizabeth Arden diet book. Suggested I follow it, not slavishly, but with mild devotion.

Session 4. Present this session: the attractive thirtyish woman with the nice legs, and the Spartan, whose hair is becoming more pointedly blond. Both did splendidly. I suffered reversals—disastrous tuck-ins, et cetera, et cetera. Several new wrinkles, mainly for leg-slimming. (Definitely don't need slimmer legs; but was told that the exercises would benefit Overall Me. It's also the chance you take in a general exercise class.)

New arrival midway through the hour: tall, grey-haired woman; looked fit as a fiddle, breezed through the routines. Learned that she'd been coming to EA for thirty years; pops in now and then as a kind of maintenance program. Very convincing argument for maintenance.

THIRD WEEK

Session 5. Weights and measures day; following curious results:
Chest—from 32½" to 31¾" (A Good Thing.)
Bust—still 34". (Also a Good Thing.)
Waist—still 24". (Perfectly Terrible Thing that Miss Weber was at a loss to explain. Waistlines usually respond first, and besides, she said, there isn't a waist-slimming routine in her bag of tricks that I'm not privy to. Nevertheless, she cast around a bit and came up with this: Stand with legs about a foot apart. Keeping right arm above your head, reach left hand down as far as it will go on left leg. Bounce four times to left. Repeat to the right.)
Abdomen—from 30" to 29¼". (Three-quarters of an inch gone—a Very Good Thing.)
Upper hip—from 32" to 31½". (An unexpected bonanza.)
Lower hip—from 35" to 34¼". (See above.)
Mid thigh—from 16" to 15½". (Frankly didn't feel I could spare this particular half-inch. But according to Miss Weber, a slim, slightly incurving line along thighs is one of the most youthful, and is therefore a Good Thing.)

Knee—from 13¼″ to 13″. (An Indifferent Thing; knees are neither here nor there.)

Calf, ankle, top thigh, and upper arm were as before. Weight, however, had dropped in one week from 110 to 108½. And it had cost only desserts and some bread and butter.

Session 6. Am now greeted like an old friend by doorman, and the elevator man whisks me to seventh floor without a word. There the receptionist waves me on to dressing room 12, a room for which I've begun to feel a certain affection. Apart from being softly lit, well mirrored, and neat as a pin, it's just an arm's reach from the cupboard that houses the exercise suits; twice a week, I open the door to dressing room 12, check the label in the suit that's been put there for me, and silently exchange it for a size 32.

The attractive young thirties-type and I had the session to ourselves today. Both dazzlingly good. Told Miss Weber that I'd been working fiendishly at the waist routines. Did she think that all this concentrated effort might have produced any quick results (after all, only three days had passed since last measuring)? In a show of confidence she whipped out her tape. Reading: 23½″. On my way home, I bought a tape measure of my own. Reading: 23½″.

FOURTH WEEK

Session 7. A damp and gloomy May morning. Miss Weber opened session by announcing that it was, indeed, a damp and gloomy May morning, and felt to her like "one of those stiff Mondays." It was—very heavy going all the way, not helped, I suppose, by fact that I hadn't flexed a muscle over weekend. At close of session, I reported to Miss Weber that stomach, which had been progressing nicely, seemed to be settling into a state of complacency that was nowhere near my ambitions for it. Own suggestion was to supplement the home-routines with this classic stomach exercise: lying flat on your back and keeping legs perfectly straight, raise legs together, slowly, and lower them—also slowly. Classic it may be, but Miss Weber frowns on it: In the first place, most women can't do it properly, and in the effort, tend to push their stomach muscles out—clearly a defeating move. In the second place, it's liable to cause stomach cramps. So much for that. Stomachs, it turns out, are number-one problem at Elizabeth Arden. Hips are in second place; and legs in third. I seem to be the only patient with a waist-syndrome.

Session 8. This ought to have been commencement day but, what with one thing and another, wasn't. One thing was my waistline—now a single inch away from twenty-two. The other, stomach—three-quarters of an inch short of the goal. Everything else is shaping up speedily and weight is down to 105½. Miss Weber still puzzled by my unresponsive waist. It isn't as though we had hit bone; there's an appreciable amount of "pinch" to be accounted for. We will account for it by extending the original four-week plan to six weeks.

FIFTH WEEK

Session 9. Session-as-usual, except for some new phonograph records: "Rain in Spain" absolutely smashing exercise music; a ballad from the musical *Brigadoon,* called "Come to Me, Bend to Me," struck me as the height of hilarity. (Miss Weber, who is something of a jazz buff, told me that she'd found the perfect exercise music last year—a record of Sydney Bechet's called "Petite Fleur"—but some of her more reserved clients found it a bit too larky.)

Measured after class:

Chest—31¾″. (No change. Good.)

Bust—34″. (Ditto.)

Waist—23″. (One inch still to go, but on the whole, good.)

Stomach—28¾″. (And the difference is more noticeable in flesh than on paper.)

Upper hip—Still 31½″.

Lower hip—34″. (Down an inch from original measure.)

Ankles—7½″. (Or, a quarter of an inch trimmer.)

Weight—105½.

All other measures as before, and except for waist, was really delighted. Miss Weber wasn't optimistic about getting it down to twenty-two within our time limit. One inch took one month, and these things generally slow down after first losses.

(Bought a new garter belt. Size 24 too big! 22—on second hooks—just right. Also took long look at myself in fitting-room mirror. Most satisfying moment since Log began: tauter, firmer, flatter—much more telling than a tape measure.)

(Continued on page 213)

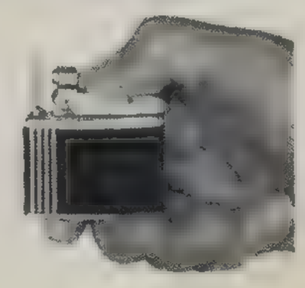


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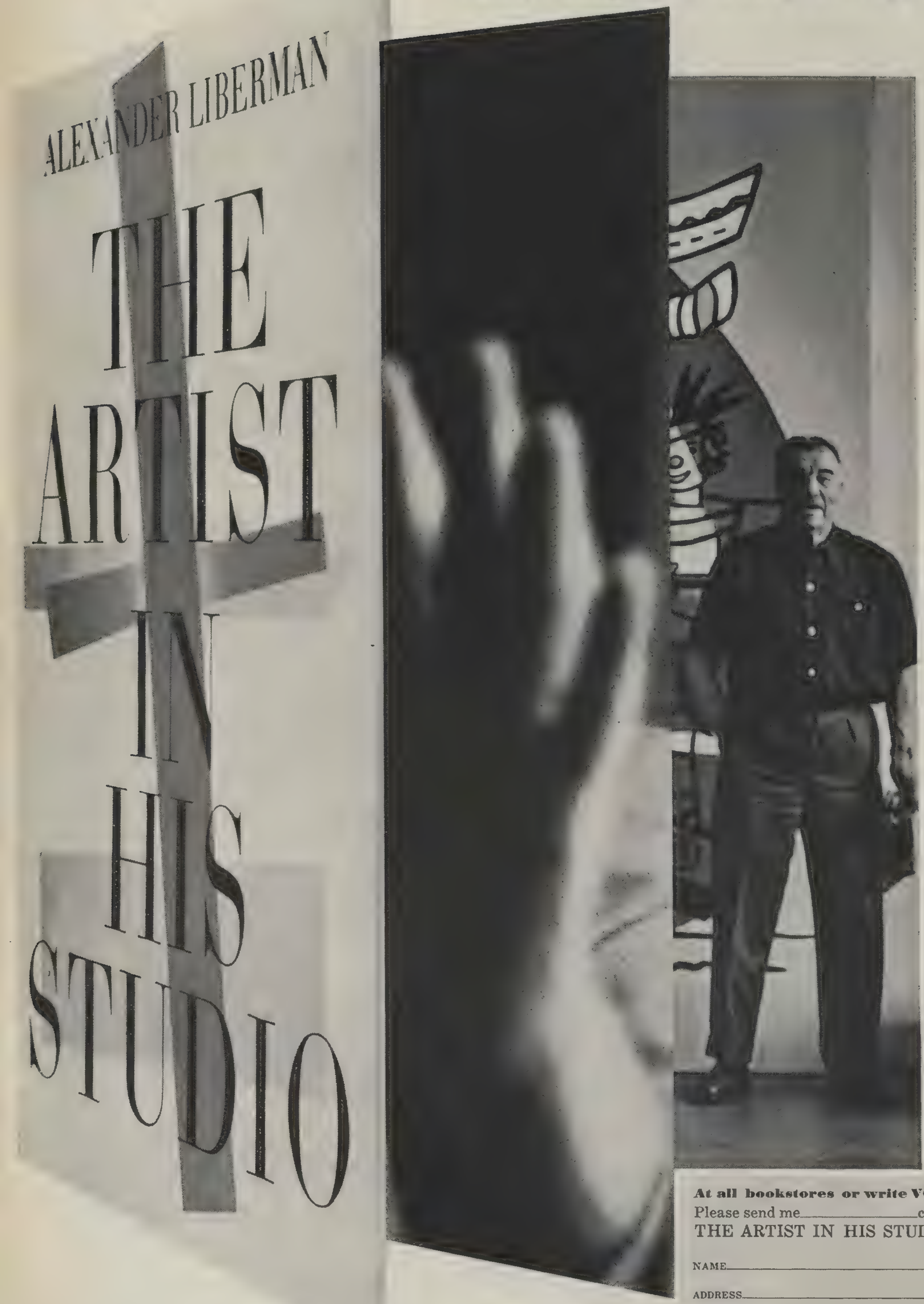
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FASHION FABLE PROPS

Page 127

Louis XVI gilt chair copies and guéridon marble table, iron and brass pedestal; Yale Burge. Ottavia Swiss embroidered batiste tablecloth at Lord & Taylor.
Antique silver candelabra, goblets and wine cooler, all from The Museum Silver Shop.

Pages 128-129

Antique silver candlestick and goblets, The Museum Silver Shop.
Fostoria crystal champagne glasses, "Orleans" patterns, at Gimbels.
Champagne bucket and stand from Four Seasons Restaurant.
Belgian linen tablecloth.
Léron napkins.

Page 130

Brandy *ballons* and Arzberg china coffee cup and saucer at Bonniers.
Belgian linen tablecloth.
Drexel's Palazzo chairs, at Macy's.

Page 131

Wrought-iron chairs and table by Gallo from Arbuck.
Silver wine cooler and goblets, The Museum Silver Shop.
Arzberg china cups and saucers, at Bonniers.
Belgian linen square tablecloth, light pink, scalloped edge.

Page 132

Belgian linen tablecloth.
Drexel's Palazzo chairs, at Macy's.

Page 133

Silver wine cooler from The Museum Silver Shop.
Belgian linen tablecloth.
Léron napkins.
Drexel's Palazzo chairs, at Macy's.

Page 134

Iron chair by Gallo from Arbuck.
Lenox dinner plates, white in "Temple" pattern, fluted rims.
Belgian linen tablecloth.
Danish stainless steel flatware.

Page 135

Iron chair by Gallo from Arbuck.
Arzberg white china cups and saucers, at Bonniers.
Coffeepot, Bloomingdale's.
Belgian linen tablecloth, turquoise with turquoise fringe.

AUSTRIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 204)

1 bay leaf
1 clove
Pinch of thyme
Salt and pepper
3 tablespoons butter

Chop the liver and add it to the blood and cognac. Sauté the onion and ham in 2 tablespoons butter. Add the wine, olive oil, vinegar, garlic, bay leaf, clove, thyme, and some salt and pepper. Simmer this over a low flame until it is reduced by a third. Meanwhile, strain the liver from its liquor and sauté it a minute in butter. Strain the sauce, add the chopped, sautéed liver, and bring the whole to a boil. Off the fire, add the brandy-and-blood liquor and a tablespoon of cold butter. Serve immediately.

Fish and game to order by mail:

Tracked here are a few of the places in the U. S. that specialize in shipping fish and game—fresh, frozen, or packed in jars and cans. The prices here do not include postage; the price of almost everything fluctuates with the market.

Wynne and Treanor (712 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21) ships fresh salmon trout in dry ice, from the Great Lakes and Canada, for about $1.50 a pound.

Iron Gate Products Company, Inc. (424 West 54th St., N. Y. 19) flies out small Danish brook trout, frozen alive, for about $1.25 a pound. Among the game at Iron Gate are chuckar partridges in feather, about $5 each; Burma jungle fowl, oven-dressed for $2.25 each; Scotch grouse, $5 each; and skinned rabbits, $1.10 a pound.

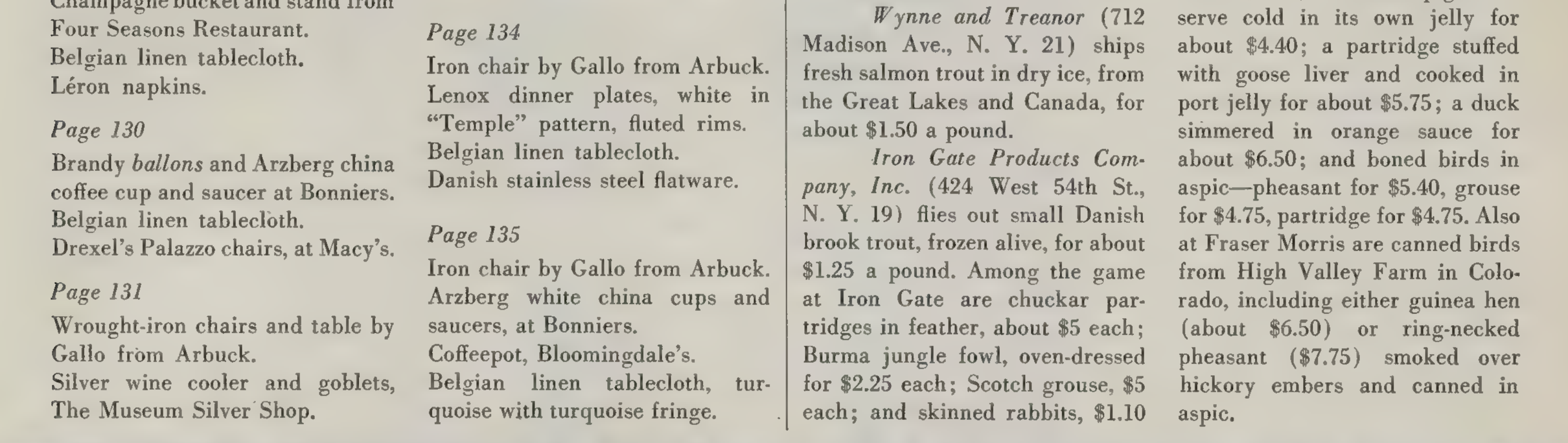
E. Joseph Inc. (185 Van Brunt St., Brooklyn 31, N. Y.) has, besides all cuts of venison, such esoterica as bear steaks ($2.75 a pound), buffalo steaks ($1.50 a pound), reindeer cutlets ($1.75 a pound), and Norwegian rype or ptarmigan (about $6.75 for a pair of birds).

Venice Market Inc. (813 Park Ave., N. Y. 21) ships pheasant in feather (a cock runs $7.50, a hen about $4.95), as well as quail in feather, $3.25 a bird. Imported hare, skinned and drawn, costs about $1.10 a pound.

George H. Shaffer Market Inc. (1097 Madison Ave., N. Y. 28) has wild turkeys at about $1.75 a pound, as well as mallard ducks, about $5 for a bird that serves two.

The Sharon Pheasant Farm (Sharon, Conn.) freezes their birds to sell in braces, one cock, one hen, that serve seven for about $7.50.

Fraser Morris (872 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21) carries these Liberty imports in jars: a whole pigeon cooked with tiny peas for about $4.40; a roasted pigeon to serve cold in its own jelly for about $4.40; a partridge stuffed with goose liver and cooked in port jelly for about $5.75; a duck simmered in orange sauce for about $6.50; and boned birds in aspic—pheasant for $5.40, grouse for $4.75, partridge for $4.75. Also at Fraser Morris are canned birds from High Valley Farm in Colorado, including either guinea hen (about $6.50) or ring-necked pheasant ($7.75) smoked over hickory embers and canned in aspic.



THE EXERCISE LOG

(Continued from page 209)

Session 10. Passed Miss Weber and an angry-sounding woman on my way in. Angry-looking woman angry because she'd only lost two inches from waist, two-and-a-quarter inches from hips. Learned that this client comes to classes once a month, exercises sporadically—very sporadically—at home.

SIXTH WEEK

Session 11. All alone this session, which meant that all exercises strictly me-exercises, and the hour was cut in half. It's Elizabeth Arden policy: a half-hour of intense and personalized exercise is enough for any woman; after that you're too winded to do much good.

Winded on schedule.

Session 12. Another private half-hour, with both Miss Weber and me giving our all since this was last session: dumbbells to weight down arms in lying-down routines; Indian clubs for extra pull in standing-up routines. And one final, excruciating new routine in which I lay on my side—arms overhead, legs straight—and Miss Weber tried desperately to bring my fingers and toes together in a kind of lying-down backbend. This was called—what else—The Doughnut, and notable mainly because it marked the only time Miss Weber's composure failed: "I'll get this inch off your waist if it kills us both."

End-of-the-road reading:
Waist—22½".
Stomach—28".

No other changes. All things considered, I felt content and even faintly triumphant.

(About two weeks later, noticing that waistbands had begun to feel really very loose, I measured: 22"—on the button. I thought Miss Weber might find the news interesting, and I telephoned her: "Oh yes," she said, "it often happens that way." She sounded, it seemed to me, smirky but pleased.)

BASIC ELIZABETH ARDEN EXERCISE ROUTINES

1. Opposite Arm-Leg Touch (for waist mainly, and overall toning)
On back, arms over head, legs straight. Raise right arm and left leg; touch; down. Repeat with left arm and right leg. Do 20 times.

2. Side Arm-Leg Touch (for waist; outer and inner leg)
Lie on right side, arms over head, legs straight and slightly forward. Raise top arm and leg toward ceiling; touch, then down. Do 10 times. Repeat on left side.

3. Hip Roll (for upper hips)
Flat on back, arms shoulder level, palms up, knees bent over chest. Roll from left to right, keeping arms and shoulders flat on floor. Do 25 times.

4. Tango (for upper hips and waist)
Flat on back, arms shoulder level, palms up, legs straight. Raise right leg, cross over and touch down to fingers of left hand; raise leg to centre, then slowly down. Repeat with left leg. Do 20 times.

5. Figure Eight (for midriff, abdomen, waist, and upper hips)
Flat on back, arms out shoulder palms up, knees bent over chest. Drop knees down to floor at hip level, right. Pull knees along floor up to right elbow, then back over chest. Repeat to left. Do 20 times.

6. Bicycle on Back (for legs)
Lie on back, prop buttocks on fists, bend knees over chest. Bicycle 20 times.

7. Bicycle on Side (for outer thighs)
Lie on right side, right arm under head; support position by keeping left hand flat on floor. Bicycle 20 times. Repeat on left side.

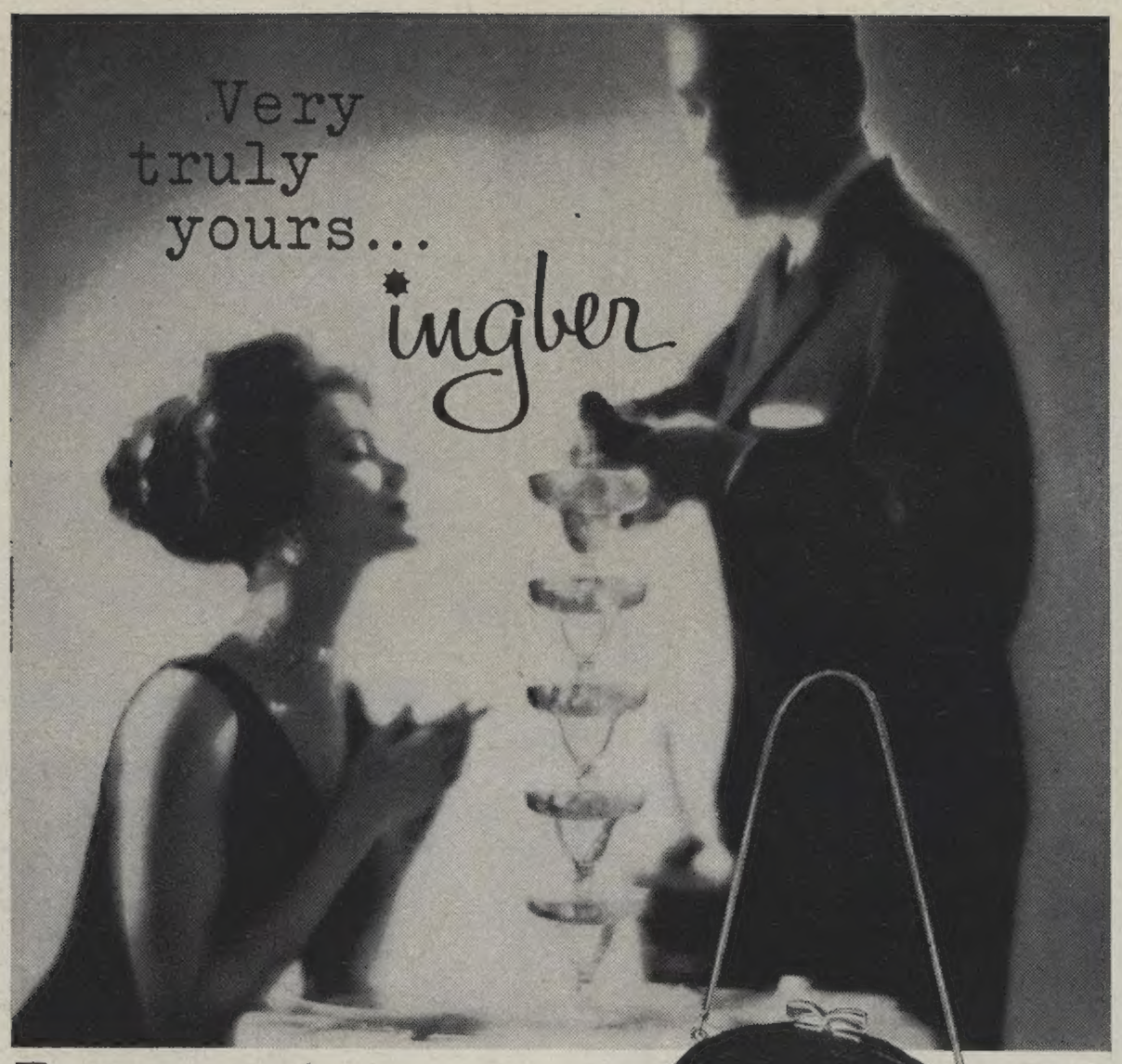
8. Scissors on Back (for inner and outer thighs)
Lie flat on back, prop buttocks on fists, bend knees over chest. Stretch legs up straight, open them wide apart, then cross. Do 20 times, alternating crossings.

9. Scissors on Side (for outer thigh)
Lie on right side, right arm under head; use left arm for support. Keeping legs straight, kick forward and back 20 times. Repeat on left side.

10. Hip-walk (for, naturally, hips)
Sit with elbows bent, finger tips touching, legs stretched straight ahead. "Walk"—with bounce—10 times forward, 10 times backward.







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VERMONT SKI PLACES

(Continued from page 188)

Conspicuous in the valley scenery along Route 100, stands the *gemütlich* motel, Madbush Chalet. One half looks pseudo-Swiss with a deep overhanging roof, a wooden balcony where red geraniums bloom in summer; the motel-half is efficiently modern. The quiet, blond birch-panelled rooms sometimes have two double beds, plus two single beds each in a shelf. Guests bring their own liquor, are charged fifty cents a day for setups, a charge which takes care of soft drinks and *hors d'œuvres*. A room for four, with breakfast and dinner, $11 for each person; $13.50 a day for each person in a double room; a single room, $17.50.

Some skiers like to go "over the mountain" to the old Bristol Inn at Bristol, a small town attractively preoccupied with its own town. On the sixteen-mile drive from Mad River, the short twist of road over the Appalachian Gap is a spectacular of giant icicles, like free-form crystal chandeliers against the soot-black of fir forests. Delicious food at the Bristol (open early in February) where the bleak dining room spreads out like a mess hall. For each guest, a baby loaf of home-baked bread served on a breadboard; the ever-present New England tray of condiments; one portion of roast-beef weighs about a pound. Upstairs, where corridors wander like rabbit warrens, the clean bedrooms have linoleum floors, white piqué bedspreads, and pin-cushions on the old-fashioned oak bureaus. One person in a double room, with breakfast and dinner, a mild $9 a day.

From all these addresses, the outstanding collection of the Shelburne Museum makes a serene change of pace, comes within a comfortable driving range. Bristol to Shelburne, twenty-one miles. The good news: the superb collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings at the Webb Gallery of American Art. Here, the rare examples by known as well as anonymous artists, some shown for the first time, but all chosen for quality, reflect the sure judgment of Mrs. J. Watson Webb who founded the museum in 1947. The two hundred paintings include those by Samuel F. B. Morse, John Singleton Copley, William Harnett, Winslow Homer as well as a fascinating Indian transparency done on linen; four striking scenes by Albertus D. O. Browere of the henpecked life of Rip Van Winkle.

Woodstock

The town of Woodstock, lovely with brick houses, has a ski slope, Mt. Tom, which is so near town, that it is like a cosy, family backyard. Freshly groomed this season, chubby Mt. Tom, with its good teaching slopes, has new runs for beginners through hemlock woods; new trails over the pastures, and a new Pomalift, longer and higher.

Among the continuing pleasures of Woodstock, the good food at the White Cupboard Inn. The small bedrooms have old polished furniture. On the curb outside the Inn, a space with the sign: "Reserved for Police."

Down the street, in the old blacksmith shop of red brick with turquoise shutters, Nancy Wickham Boyd does her pottery. In the stone mill, built of fieldstone with white-framed windows, Richard and Virginia Snow have an interesting collection of wallpapers, of soft, hand-loomed materials. The unofficial town crier is the man behind the soda fountain—thin, spectacled, and patient.

ORSON WELLES

(Continued from page 199)

fifty strong waiting for us outside the railings, holding up their kids to get a better look. They gave us a cheer, because an artistic city like Dublin is always keenly appreciative of a great event.

There was only one flaw to a splendid day. Orson Welles turned to me on the steps of the Bank, and he shook me by the hand. "I want to thank you for everything," he said. "And if you can fix it so the other newspapers don't come after me you can write anything you like for that interview." They got into a taxi and drove away.

Standing there on the steps of the Bank, with the crowd still cheering, I tried to add up what I'd got from an exclusive interview with Orson Welles.

It amounted to having some difficulty in walking, and a dull pain in the jaws.

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